

C. Elliott -
From
The Author.

P O E M S

T O

T H E S P I A.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

S O N N E T S, &c.

Oh, true Name of Love,
Tender Affection! Genuine Source of bliss.
Immaculate and pure! The transient blaze
Of passion soon subsides; thy steadier fire
Time but increases. Soft, coercive Band
Connecting Souls! without thee what is Life!

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✓ P O E M S

TO

T H E S P I A

TO BE READ AT THE

S O N N E T S

ON THE DEATH OF
THE LATE
JAMES O'BRIEN, ESQ.
OF THE COUNTY OF
DUBLIN, WHO DIED
ON THE 15TH INSTANT.
BY
JAMES O'BRIEN, ESQ.
OF THE COUNTY OF
DUBLIN.

PRINTED BY J. T. LEWIS, AND
SOLD BY THE



[2]

INTRODUCTION.

SCorning with studied art to drag along
The doubled epithet of monstrous length,
Join in the quaint alliterative song,
Court feeble melody, and banish strength.

No labour'd, no fictitious strains I bring,
But unreserved pour forth my honest heart;
Nature and true affection bade me sing,
I felt the wound of no pretended dart.

Oh! may my pen desert my palsied hand,
When I survive to real sense a pest!
Or fix in nice array with order's wand
The hasty ebullitions of my breast!

B

My

My theme is chosen mid the British Fair,

No antique Bards for love-thoughts I explore,
No fabled Gods from Greece and Rome I bear,
No Nymphs or Dryads from the classic shore.

Such ornaments may please the shallow mind,
Exotic gewgaws twisted into rhyme;
But elegance delights in chaplets twined
By nature's hand, and inmates of the clime.

Nor here hath Love disdained his gifts to shed,
The feeling soul is not unfrequent here ;
And genuine rapture by the graces led,
Oft tunes the lyre, and thrills the listening ear.

POEMS TO THESPIA.

I.

HOW sweet in spring, the twilight dawn !
The woods imbrown'd, and humid lawn ;
The crimson streaks which deck the sky,
The wide-stretch'd plain, and mountain high !
But when the Sun unveils his face,
The landscape glows with heighten'd grace.

Should raging tempests Heaven deform,
If, final victor of the storm,
The same illustrious lord of day
Full blazes with triumphant ray,
All nature owns his influence bright,
And bends before the glorious light.

Nursed by his warmth, the latent grain
 With future harvests gilds the plain.
 His power pervades the deeper mine,
 And moulds the embryo gem to shine.

See youth, exulting in his May !
 What new-born joys before him play !
 His sprightly feet expatiate round,
 And every scene is fairy ground.
 When Love unfolds his pinions nigh,
 And wafts his soul to extasy.

Say, that Adversity should bring
 Her livid plagues, her scorpion sting ?
 And the collected venom dart
 Remorseless, on the human heart ?
 Love sooths to rest it's fiercest pain,
 And gives it vital strength again.

Each softer energy refined
 He kindles in the darken'd mind ;

And

And from their hidden seat calls forth

The zealous deeds of generous worth.

Thou pure enlightener of the breast,

Oh ! shine through all my life confest !

Nor cease thy gentler warmth to shed

In latest evening on my head !

There let thy beams still lingering fall,

Till fate's black gloom incloses all !

II.

THE truest Love is most reserved and shy,

No look of confidence, or boldness wears,

Known by the humble brow, and soften'd eye,

And full of wavering doubts, and anxious fears.

When I perceived that THESPIA had o'ercome

My yielding heart, and fixed her empire there,

That from her voice I must receive my doom,

And all my future weal must flow from her :

How did my bosom fluctuate with the pain
 Of native bashfulness, and strong desire !
 What varying conflicts did I not sustain !
 How struggled soft respect, with passion's fire !

Oft did I wish the secret to have told,
 But awe withheld, and modest dread prevail'd,
 Her presence all my faculties controul'd,
 And every settled resolution fail'd.

At length, with firm intent I sought the Fair,
 With firm intent to pour out all my heart,
 At once display the story of my care,
 And the long misery of consuming smart.

To a sequester'd grove her steps I drew,
 She without guile went innocently free ;
 No ill suspecting, for no ill she knew,
 Nor fear'd to trust herself alone with me.

At first my usual converse I assay'd,
 Hoping from thence to gain a tranquil air;
 And as along the winding paths we stray'd,
 With frequent blossoms deck'd her flowing hair.

But still my shorten'd breath fast went and came,
 O'er my embarrass'd limbs a stiffness hung,
 My heart throb'd strong, and shook my labouring frame,
 And fears, I knew not how, unnerv'd my tongue.

Resolv'd to speak, some secret power restrain'd,
 Ashamed, and angry with myself I grew,
 With crimson consciousness my cheeks were stain'd,
 And quick again the conscious stains withdrew.

She, whether unobservant all the while,
 Or else this strange confusion to relieve,
 Talks with her wonted ease, and careless smile,
 But brief and vague each answer which I give.

Then changed my fickle will it's first design,
 Determined sudden on some future day,
 Then would I each perplexity untwine,
 And every ardent wish before her lay.

A transient calm succeeded in my breast,
 Yet sure, thought I they were not so conceal'd,
 But she th' emotions of my heart hath guess'd,
 She too may haply wish they were reveal'd.

Tho now my faltering tongue its aid denies,
 She must have read the language of my soul,
 Nor have I mark'd displeasure in her eyes,
 When forth from mine the glance of love hath stole.

Then turning round in haste, as if afraid
 Left diffidence again might intervene;
 Not daring to erect my timid head,
 My hesitating lips disclosed my pain.

III.

IN nothing was I learn'd, but only how
 To pen my flocks, and drive them to the field,
 In the strait furrow to direct my plough,
 And when my hoe and pruning-hook to wield.

Uncultivated was my mind, and mean,
 My abject thoughts low fasten'd to the earth,
 Till love with hand benign brake custom's chain,
 And bade me soar beyond my humble birth.

With beauty fired, I look'd around, and saw
 The charms of nature never seen before.
 O Love! a willing vassal to thy law
 I bend, I feel thy blessings, and adore.

Prompted by thee, as yet with trembling tongue,
 I call'd the muses, and desired their aid;
 My wood-notes in the hazel copse I sung,
 And caught the attention of the listening maid.

She

She listen'd to my strains, She heard my tale,
While deepening blushes o'er her cheeks arise,
The soft consenting sigh my lips inhale,
I see the yielding languor of her eyes.

No, witness Truth ! if ever I estrange
This grateful heart, which only beats for thee—
Why utter needless vows ? I cannot change ;
Fix'd are my bonds, nor will I e'er be free.

Fix'd is thy gentle sway ; by thee my mind
Avarice, and all its sordid acts disdains ;
'The common vice of passion unrefined,
The common vice among our country swains.

Hence stinging cares ; hence groveling they behold
The state of riches with an envious eye ;
They think not aught beyond the power of gold,
Nor know how Love can lift the soul on high.

Oh,

Oh, come my fair One ! I have thatch'd above,
And whiten'd all around my little cot,
Shorn are the hedges leading to the grove,
Nor is the feat, and willow bower forgot.

Low is the path of life in which I move,
Yet wilt thou not regret the higher sphere
Of wealth and noisy pride ; while faithful love,
And innocence, and sweet content are here.

IV.

AH ! whence my Thespia, can that anguish flow ?
That silent anguish of expressive woe ?
That sigh which from thy struggling bosom stole ?
That look which pierces to my inmost soul ?
Ah ! say my Thespia, I conjure thee say,
To me the hidden cause unblamed display.
Half of thyself, I claim my lawful share ;
Yet, would to Heaven, that I the whole might bear !

Unveil

Unveil thy thoughts in confidence to me ;
 And trust a bosom fraught with sympathy.
 From thee would I my labouring heart confine ?
 And are not all it's deepest secrets thine ?

Wretch that I am ! who thee to shield from pain,
 Would pour out life at every gushing vein ;
 Am I the cause ? and could'st Thou ever spy
 A look of coldness glancing from my eye ?
 To thee a cold blank look ? Oh, too refined,
 And subtle error of thy feeling mind !
 A delicacy apt too deep to dive,
 To each nice touch too tenderly alive !
 Though I esteem it as a blessing sent,
 As the more polish'd mind's chief ornament,
 A sacred spark kindled by Heaven's own ray,
 Yet, let not sensibility betray.

Thou weep'st ; where did my tongue profanely rove ?
 How could I blame thee ? 'twas excess of love.

Oh !

Oh! let me circle thee with strict embrace,
 Warm breast to breast, and glowing face to face!
 (My fixed lips while speechless rapture ties)
 Imbibe the lucid moisture of thine eyes!
 Thy melting spirit in each breath inhale!
 Gaze on thee till the nerves of vision fail!
 And quite o'er-power'd by Love's imperious sway,
 Feel all my fainting soul dissolve away!

V.

STILL blooming Health, thy modest graces shed
 O'er the clear surface of my Thespia's cheek!
 There let thy fresh, thy glowing tints be spread,
 Thy smiles enlightening, and complacence meek!

Protect her where she goes, ye gentle Powers,
 Pure denizens of undulating air!
 Whether from glowing noon-tide's sultry hours,
 Or evening's dewy shades, protect the fair!

'Tis

'Tis true my Thespia; I indeed confess
That selfish are the prayers and vows I pay;
With no disinterested voice I bless
The Gods, or pour the supplicating lay.

For ah! from thee, and from thy looks I find
Warm to my heart each cordial joy must flow
Sweetening the ills of life; from thee my mind
Must taste it's keenest sense of piercing woe.

Thine is the master-key, each spring to rule,
Each hidden movement of my secret thought;
Sure thou wert bred in some enchanter's school,
Who all his spells and mystic charms hath taught.

Yet then would holy truth with thee reside?
Truth which unbounded confidence may trust?
Yet then would mean deceit fly far aside?
And wild caprice confounding false and just?

Would't

Would'st thou have said, as I, struck dumb with fear,
Tremblingly pointed out my humble bower,
Haply tranquillity and peace are there,
For them I scorn the gaudy farce of power?

O Thou Sincere! how shall I repay
The endless debt of gratitude I owe?
Quickly my fair point out to me the way,
And shew the path, for thou alone canst shew.

Thou silent is thy tongue, thy speaking eye,
The modest blushes o'er thy cheeks which rove,
That deep-drawn breath, that panting breast, reply,
The sole return is tenderness and love.

Will this suffice? and dost thou ask no more?
What the spontaneous feelings needs must give?
Oh! let me lavish on thee all my store!
Nor cease to love thee, till I cease to live!

For-

For-ever rivetted within my heart
 Thy dear unfullied image shall remain ;
 When from that seat I bid it to depart,
 May I by some tremendous stroke be slain !

No common death I shall deserve to die ;
 To pine by inches on a barren strand,
 Scorch'd by the vengeful sun's severest eye,
 Nor by one sportive wandering zephyr fann'd.

To freeze on some bleak rock ; to glut the rage
 Of howling beasts within the dreary waste ;
 Or live, in youth despised, in helpless age
 The extremities of want and woe to taste.

To walk a moving plague among mankind,
 Shunn'd, hated, and refused the alms I crave ;
 Refused despair's last, only wish ; to find
 A still retirement in the peaceful grave.

In that fond hope to be deceived ; to hear
 With soul yet conscious, in the church-yard way,
 The fierce investigative cast upon my bier,
 And scornful laughter dancing o'er my clay.

All this, and more I shall deserve to prove,
 When led by changeful fancy's wanton eye,
 I turn a faithless truant to thy love,
 And on the wings of vagrant falsehood fly.

VI.

SHALL the fair form of smiling Love no more
 Sport o'er the lawn with freedom by his side ?
 Diffusing blessings from his ample store,
 On the fond bridegroom and the happy bride ?

Who led by choice and inclination's fire,
 Breathing delicious sympathy of soul,
 To the thick, shady, nuptial bower retire,
 Attempering rapture warm with chaste controul ?

C

For

For such of yore, to grace their marriage day,
The flocks exulting danced with nimbler tread,
The tribes ærial tuned their softest lay,
And earth's green lap with fresher flowers was spread.

Then were the laws of avarice held in scorn,
Now unopposed and absolute her reign,
If haply two with nobler souls are born,
The gloomy clouds of malice intervene.

O error fond ! to think that wealth bestows
Our only bliss ! Say blushing Grandeur, say,
Whether thy breast that heart-felt pleasure knows,
Which gilds the shade of life's sequester'd way ?

Say, in the morning dost thou cheerlier rise ?
Or were thy slumbers sweeter in the night ?
Doth nature's noon-tide lustre strike thine eyes,
Or evening's milder beam, with more delight ?

Art thou not tortured with desire of fame ?
Smarts not thy soul with envy's secret goad ?
And do not conscious honour, generous shame,
And tender love fly thy unblest abode ?

Ye purest Virtues ! wherefoe'er I rove,
(And thou, last named, most valued of the three,
Whom language fails to praise, celestial love !)
Ne'er shall your laws be unobserved by me.

And wilt not thou my Thespia own their power ?
Shall not their guardian care on thee attend ?
And teach thee in reflection's silent hour,
To cast a thought upon thy more than friend ?

On Him, whose heart with truest ardour beats ?
Whose zeal, nor time, nor absence shall assuage ?
Blooming unsullied by youth's scorching heats,
And undecaying in the frost of age ?

Lasting as life? for not the vagrant beams,
Of wanton fancy raised a sudden fire,
No spark of passion, whose extatic dreams,
Vivid and gay, in quick disgust expire.

Not that with cool and philosophic eye,
Not that with unenraptured mind I view
Beauty's alluring grace, her vermeil die,
Her winning smiles, and love-inspiring hue.

But bearing friendship's unsuspected seal,
Into thy presence frequently I stole,
Young artless innocence removed the veil,
And shew'd in all it's charms thy spotless soul.

I gazed enamour'd: every virtue bright
In that pure temple, each ethereal form
Stood visible before my mental sight,
And my breast throb'd, with holy transport warm.

Can I the shrine forsake, while constant truth,
While filial piety's engaging deed,
Good-nature, loveliest crown of smiling youth,
And pity meek, forbid me to recede?

What feelings then can tempt me to betray
The rights of love? what interest not my own?
For thou to me art fortune's prosperous ray,
From thee exiled, how dreadful is her frown!

The mind which claims our passions to controul,
Why is it not all-knowing, and all-wise?
To pierce the deep recesses of the soul,
And see the bounds where sense and error lies?

Then would not beauty e'er be sold and bought,
From thy embrace I should not then be torn,
Condemn'd should'st thou—(but treason's in the thought)
To curse the fatal hour when I was born.

No, far be pale suspicion! I detest
The haggard fiend. Hush'd then be every fear!
My hopes I treasure up within my breast,
And oh! I charge thee keep them sacred there.

VII.

YES, far my gentle Maid, from thee,
And every haunt of joy I stray,
Shall not thy wishes go with me,
To cheer my faint and lonely way?

Shall not within thy faithful breast
Remembrance it's sweet blossoms bear?
Shall not it's plant by thee carest,
Take root, and bloom unfaded there?

Wilt thou not often steal unseen,
Thro dewy field, and trackless plain?
Or utter to the copses green
Thy soft and melancholy strain?

Tho

Tho fate hath torn the bond of love,
Wilt thou not often cast thine eye
To where expell'd and sad I rove,
And breathe a tender pitying sigh?

Be witness conscious Heaven! my soul
Shall ne'er a thought of thee resign?
No power it's fervour can controul,
Unchanged, and stamp'd for ever thine.

Yet tho by mutual faith assured,
What racking torment thus to part!
What bleeding woe must be endured!
What anguish must distract the heart!

VIII.

WAS it a dignity of shape, an eye,
Or face, instinct with beauty's dazzling ray,
Whose power at once bade vanquish'd reason fly,
And swiftly stole me from myself away?

Had that been all, tho strong had been my grief
Not to have won the object of my care,
Time would with lenient hand have brought relief,
The cure, another equally as fair.

But though a thousand now I should behold,
And own them fairer than the maid I love,
My heart to all their beauties would be cold,
No charms my former passion could remove.

For youthful prepossession knit the tye,
Which our consenting hearts together drew;
With years the pleasing partiality,
And soft attractive impulse, firmer grew.

Fancy

Fancy mean-time unnumber'd visions spread,
In which no seas were rough, no tempests lour'd,
We saw, our hopes with extasy We fed,
And in each other's bosom fondly pour'd.

And can I with these loved ideas part?
Can I this dear, dear sympathy forego?
First from their place the strings of life shall start,
And the warm ruddy drops forget to flow.

Of thee bereft!—Oh! 'twere the worst of ills.—
Deep penetrates the thought with fore annoy
My shuddering heart; my inmost soul it chills;
And blasts each future scene of rising joy.

Of thee bereft!—It shall not, cannot be;—
Spite of the wayward accidents of life,
Yet once again our actions shall be free:
And oh, my Love! O! dearer name, my Wife!

Again

Again fhall I infold thee in my arms,
And breathe my foul into thy faithful breast,
O'erpaft misfortune with fresh transport warms,
The pangs of abfence make us doubly bleft.

IX.

I Was not form'd for glory's arduous ways,
The hidden depths of fcience to explain,
To cloathe me in ambition's golden rays,
Or combat death, and tread the carnaged plain.

In the broad, open face, of public life,
To fome Heaven gives conspicuously to move,
Enamour'd of the fcenes of noife and ftrife,
To me a mind, all indolence and love.

Unhappinefs and care to Kings I give,
Exposed they ftand to every stormy gale;
On yonder hill's green fide fecure I live,
Or walk with vacant ftcp along the dale.

Enough

Enough for me, to meet my Thespia there,
Arm lock'd in arm along the wood to roam;
Loft but to love, to stray we know not where,
And wonder how we got so far from home.

For her the hedge-flower garland to intwine,
At her command invoke the artless Muse,
Press close her chaste, her glowing cheek to mine,
Or on her bosom, my whole soul effuse.

My thoughts to more extatic pleasures rise;
Here, sacred wedlock, bring thy closest veil!
And from the busy ken of prying eyes
Thy holy rites and mysteries conceal.

Such were the strains, which in the jocund prime
Of life, when fancy takes delight to dream,
I sung, nor spent a thought on future time,
Where rural Alphin winds his scanty stream.

I sung

I sung, each object struck me with delight,
The edying rivulet, the new-shorn flock,
The meads with flowers of various hue bedight,
The verdant hillock, and the barren rock.

Yet, tho by kindest nature form'd, to stray
The sweet oblivious path of life along,
Fate's tyrant voice, and unrelenting sway
Impells the novice mid the bustling throng.

I go; yet once more let me cast my eyes
On you, ye well-known scenes, a parting view;
Tho I with fondest estimation prize
Your long frequented haunts; for aye adieu!

But oh, my Thespia!—there the imperfect sound
Hangs unpronounced upon my trembling tongue,
Cold damps of dewy sweat my brow surround,
And every nerve and sinew is unstrung.

Once

Once more receive me to thy panting breast ;
 Would I could rivet me for-ever there !
 Such agonies no language e'er express'd ;
 Death cannot bring a torture so severe.

X.

WHAT have I done, what crime in me is found,
 'What secret evil lurking in my breast,
 That while all nature else is smiling round,
 Heaven has on me it's heaviest stroke impress'd ?

Have I e'er dropp'd a wish of other's harm ?
 Or done an ill, tho ne'er to be reveal'd ?
 Have I not always breathed the emotion warm
 On the chaste lip of social virtue seal'd ?

Ah ! is it not enough, that far away
 From my own native, happy fields I rove,
 Far from each friendly name condemn'd to stray,
 And torn by cruel force from her I love ?

But

But must through her the barbed steel be sent,
Which piercing, with severest torture wounds ?
Must she I love convey the punishment,
Which justice will confess exceeds ^{its} ~~his~~ bounds ?

On me rain all your woes, ye righteous powers !
Tho hard, I'll strive the misery to bear,
View sickness steal away my lingering hours
On tainted wing, nor drop a pining tear.

But ah ! the gentle virgin's tender frame—
O bright-hair'd Chastity ! O Angel Truth !
If ye are aught beyond an empty name,
Save, save in pity innocence and youth !

Shield, shield me from the racking thought ! I spy
From her cold cheek the bland suffusion fled ;
Dead is the piercing magic of her eye,
The lustre-darting beam of sense is dead.

She

She calls on me—Oh ! snatch the last embrace !
 Woods, rivers, mountains, countries intervene.
 Oh ! curse of curses ! ne'er that lovely face
 Again shall I behold : e'en the last scene

Some dreary satisfaction might afford,
 Some solace to the madness of despair,
 Gloating in secret on his gloomy hoard,
 With eye intorted viewing what is there.

XI.

AH! can they be of gentle woman born,
 Are they not rather cast in iron mould,
 Who love, as if it were a weakness, scorn,
 And place their sum of happiness in gold ?

Who nothing of that sweet alliance know,
 That tender union of connected hearts,
 Whence only transports unalloy'd can flow,
 Transports which brave affliction's venom'd darts ?

O ge-

O genuine offspring of the native soul,
As yet unfashion'd by the hand of vice !
Ye thoughts, which point the way to honour's goal !
Ye thoughts, whence every virtue takes its rise !

Ye warm inspirers of the breast of youth !
Ye handmaids which compose the smiling train
Of innocence, and unsuspecting truth !
Say, were ye form'd so wondrous fair in vain ?

Did nature plant you in the human mind,
That tyrant Art might thence her work displace ?
That your free limbs might be in chains confined ?
That harden'd interest might your charms deface ?

Ah no ! far otherwise her equal law,
And kind maternal tenderness decreed ;
She will'd her infant scyons there to grow,
To bloom, and ripen into golden seed.

Hence

Hence gave she all that more than eloquence
Which speaks in Virgin Beauty's bashful eye ;
Hence left the soul of youth without defence,
Glowing with warm susceptibility.

Hence panting wishes, undissembled fears
Her ardent votaries felt ; hence fancy wild,
And love sincere, and vows unfeign'd were theirs,
And Awe shrunk back, and Hope the Cherub smiled.

O Thespia ! We these ardent votaries were ;
Have I not fix'd my fainting sight on thee,
Till trickling down my cheek, the emphatic tear
Hath in mute language told my extasy ?

While from thy conscious, but more timid eye
The downcast rays thy secret flame confess'd,
While the quick-varying blush, and struggling sigh,
Disclosed the pure emotions of thy breast ?

D

How

How roves the vagrant mind to future days !
 How credulous is Love ! with magic wand
 What visions cannot soothing error raise !
 How thick around the self-delusions stand !

Duped by their flattery ; nature's just design
 We saw with us to it's perfection brought,
 Saw each acceding year more firmly twine
 The mental wreath, our younger fancies wrought.

They painted to our view the lowly cot,
 Where neatness bland, with meek contentment play'd,
 Look'd up to Heaven, and bless'd their tranquil lot,
 Nor envied guilt in glaring pride array'd.

With treacherous smile the farm retired they shew'd,
 It's verdant meads, its fields and sylvan bowers,
 The grazing lambs, the waving corn, the wood
 Of tufted elm, and garden deck'd with flowers.

Obscure the scenes, their pleasing pencil drew ;
Obscure, but blest with unaffected joy.
We hated mad ambition's noisy crew,
Convinced that love with reason could not cloy.

Our rural neighbours to the friendly feast
We bid, their simple hearts intent to gain :
Where pride inspires not the fastidious breast,
Envy will seek to wound it's peace in vain.

False ! though enchanting prospects ! yet no fault,
No crime of our's hath rendered them untrue.
But hide the cause !—check every murmuring thought !—
To virtue this sad sacrifice is due.

Yet, let me curse stern avarice, odious fiend ;
Let me lament the unhappiest of their kind,
All other passions dead, compell'd to bend
Beneath this last slow fever of the mind.

Rather than feel this dire distemper's sway,
 Than with this thirst be scorch'd in life's decline,
 May I ne'er see again the cheerful day,
 Forever doom'd to labour in the mine !

May every terror fate reserves in store
 For wretched man, assault this drooping head !
 May want, may famine enter at my door !
 May pain and restless care surround my bed !

Or should my Thespia, all our trials past,
 Should we before the sacred altar stand,
 May Heaven, in mercy, with the lightning's blast
 Strike me at once, and tear the destined band !

XII.

WHY was I born in this more polish'd clime
 Amid the scenes of artificial life ?
 Where custom rules, long-sanctified by time,
 And fashion holds with nature endless strife ?

A thou-

A thousand wants start up, a thousand fears,
To shackle Love, or interrupt his course ;
He struggles, yet the galling burthen bears,
Sighs with regret, but owns their sovereign force.

Eager to follow where the emotions lead,
Hides every wish, by violence supprest ;
Gazes with ardour on the blooming maid,
But dreads the future anguish of her breast.

Our liberty we boast on Britain's shore,
Yet, slaves to gold, it's tyrant power obey ;
Our vices spring from it's creative ore,
And e'en our virtues feel it's quickening ray.

Perils and crimes We scruple not to dare,
Or act the meanest part, intent on gold :
Yet, may the soul refused it's gifts to share,
With conscious pride, sublimer traits unfold.

Hence generous youth with riches unendow'd,
The mistress of his bosom scorns to gain;
Grief may advance, affliction threaten loud,
Firm he supports the accumulated pain.

Happy the free-born Hunters of the wild!
Their only art how best to urge the chase;
No thoughts of wealth their passions e'er beguiled,
No rank they claim, for equal is the race.

They suffer not the torments of desire,
They are not doom'd to pour the fruitless tear,
To combat with the strong, the tender fire,
And pine from month to month, from year to year.

Happy the natives of more southern skies!
With softer manners, softer forms endued;
Where all around spontaneous harvests rise,
Where from each tree depends ambrosial food.

Of cruel bonds they utter no complaint;
The gentle Virgin hears his amorous tale,
Smiles on her favour'd Youth without restraint,
And crowns his wishes in the spicy vale.

Just are thy words my Thespia.—What delight
Could passive, brutal ignorance impart?
Disgust at once would rise before my sight;
My heart would loathe the unsympathising heart.

Nor could I, to the joys of sense resign'd,
The sportive wanton to my bosom press;
Forget the pure desire, the will refined,
The exalted sentiment, and chaste cares.

A single glance from virtue's melting eye,
The soul with more extatic pleasure warms;
A blush of innocence, one pitying sigh,
Transcends all luxury's prostituted charms.

Still let us cherish hope, whate'er befalls !
 And see, where reason, wisdom, take their stand !
 Drive the fierce passions from their hallow'd walls,
 And lead cherubic Patience by the hand !

Say, that entangled in the social chain,
 Wants, fears, and griefs intrude, a numerous crew ?
 'Tho more dilated flows the stream of pain,
 The source of pleasure is augmented too.

Just are thy words.—But when the present ill
 Afflicts, this curious web we idly twine ;
 Nature and passion are victorious still,
 O'erwhelm'd is my philosophy, and thine.

XIII.

DEAR anxious Maid ! whose apprehensive love
 Hath form'd of tender fears a numerous train ;
 These looks of fond solicitude remove !
 Fled is the gloomy progeny of pain.

Fled

Fled is each fullen image from my mind,
O'er it's corporeal yoke-mate brooding dull ;
The thoughts of thee alone are left behind,
Of thee in every part, my soul is full.

Warm to my breast the vital spirits flow,
Kindle anew each strong affection there,
The mutual ardour, corresponding glow,
And grateful tumult which I scarce can bear.

Such as I feel, when from thy speaking eye
Dart unrestrain'd the beams of melting love,
While meek simplicity stands smiling by,
And innocence displays her wings above.

Such as I feel, when to myself I vow
The sacred trust inviolably sure ;
Guarded by steady faith, which scorns to bow,
Whose ties the purest energies secure.

Reserve,

Reserve, and distant coyness, tutor'd arts,
 Let these be goads to vitiated desire !
 Nature's true colours charm untainted hearts,
 Love begets love, creates, and feeds the fire.

Ambition's Sons, who climb her airy way !
 What feelings can you boast compared with mine !
 On you content ne'er shed her tranquil ray,
 Though in external glare of pomp you shine.

This eve, more real joy my breast inspired,
 Than you can in a thousand ages know ;
 Joy which reflection can behold untired,
 Amid whose blooms, no thorns of anguish grow.

Thou too reflect unblamed, my darling Fair,
 And pleasure in thy generous heart be found !
 Thy confidence, meets confidence sincere,
 Thy truth, with undissembled truth is crown'd.

This

This night may Sleep unfold his gentlest wing !
 The softest plume upon thy eye-lids lay !
 Delightful be thy dreams as laughing spring !
 Enchanting as the first-born gales of May !

Ye level meads, ye winding streams be seen !
 Your fringed sides with bending osiers graced !
 Let us exulting tread your margin green !
 Mix the warm sigh, embrace, and be embraced !

Impart the secret dictates of our soul !
 The wish, the passion, unreserved and free !
 Conscious that equal choice can ne'er controul :
 That perfect love, is perfect liberty !

XIV.

IT is not strange, that in my Thespia's eye
 Amaze and anger should appear, when told
 That gentle Doris had, without a sigh,
 Resign'd her charms to age, for worthless gold.

In

In all her features delicacy reign'd;
 What bright transparent tints her cheeks o'erspread!
 The snow beneath (as it that veil disdain'd)
 With softest swell seem'd vanquishing the red.

Mild were her glances as the ray of eve,
 When the lark sits and meditates his flight;
 Her voice might anguish of it's sting bereave,
 Or smoothe like Philomel, the frowns of night.

Her sentiments proclaim'd a spotless heart,
 Where dwelt the nicest sense of praise and shame,
 Nature's disciple, undisguised by art,
 She seem'd as born for love's and friendship's flame.

No wonder thou, my Thespia, should'st the tale
 Astonisht hear: more skill'd in human kind,
 Versed in their failings, I myself turn'd pale,
 Such youth, such beauty, such deceit to find.

Thou

Thou see'st how avarice may her serpent face
Amid the flowers of female sweetness hide ;
How thinking we behold each female grace,
We view the complicated mask of pride.

Hapless ! who thus around Love's soaring wing
Can bind the glittering, ignominious chain ;
Stop nature's current, taint her limpid spring,
And prostitute, through choice, their souls for gain !

On these, who boast a woman's form alone,
Let not my Thespia waste a single thought !
Her's be the robe of honour, virtue's zone,
And fame, and generous love, and charms unbought !

Should Youth the most adorn'd, with wealth combine,
My soul at ease, would not a rival dread ;
For constancy hath fix'd with rosy twine
The never-fading chaplet on her head.

Should,

Should Fate a decent competence supply,
 Redundant treasure would to her be given;
 Should it (while love was granted) that deny,
 For it's best gift her thanks would rise to Heaven.

The mean, my Fair, and abject of thy sex
 Yield not the faintest light to judge of thee;
 My settled faith no jarring doubts perplex,
 Thy hopes, thy fears are center'd all in me.

E'en beneath poverty's incumbent load,
 Our hearts would glow with unextinguish'd fire;
 While we together trod the uneven road,
 A groan would not be heard, a sigh transpire.

Should I be doom'd another's flock to tend,
 Without regret the change *I see* thee bear;
 To duty's humblest step, serene descend,
 My love the full reward of every care.

With

With what reluctance, at the break of day,
 Bid we adieu ! how oft reverts my sight !
 How do we chide the tardy sun's delay !
 And with what rapture hail the approach of night !

While temperance pleased surveys our homely fare,
 Our slender beverage while content supplies,
 Let festive luxury cull her viands rare,
 Grateful we sit, and uninvincible rise.

Then, e'er with fondness we retire to rest,
 Converſing bland, life's mingled ſcenes we view ;
 From theſe delight gay-beaming warms our breaſt,
 And thoſe impearl our cheeks with pity's dew.

Or not forſaken by the tuneful Nine,
 With ſweeteſt deſcant I the time beguile,
 Mark how my Theſſia's eyes with tranſport ſhine,
 Nor covet aught, but her approving ſmile.

The

The rural matron, and the grey-hair'd fire
 Devoutly wish their children's lot the same ;
 Thy prudence, meekness, neatness of attire,
 My industry, and love, their precepts frame.

Oh Thespia ! not the wealth of worlds could buy
 From thee a link of our soul-bracing chain ;
 And should affliction, should misfortune try
 To break it's union, they would strive in vain.

Thou know'st to value love ; how incomplete
 Without his aid, how small is pleasure's store ;
 Without his aid, how wretched are the great,
 Favour'd by him, what joys may bless the poor.

XV.

HENCE rash Belief ! may thy wild thoughts again
 Ne'er thro the cells of busy fancy rove !
 Oblivion snatch their memory from my brain !
 Nor leave a trace injurious to my love !

But

But ever thus in your most pleasing dress,
Ye dear ideas croud upon my soul !
There, each rejoicing avenue possess,
And fill with extasy the vital goal !

Place her, as now, before my mental eye
The sweet, unrivall'd, spotless, tender fair !
Pure as the fleecy whiteness of the sky,
Gentle as breezes mild of vernal air !

Can'st Thou not guess what torments seized my heart ?
(For each soft passion, nicer sense is thine)
How through each nerve swift ran the venom'd smart,
When my eyes glanced along the dubious line ?

Not for the Eastern Tyrant's gorgeous robe,
For all the slaves that at his feet have knelt,
Not for the wealth of all this ample globe,
Would I e'er feel again, what then I felt.

Reflection was o'erwhelm'd ; it's power was lost ;
Upon my brow a cold damp vapour hung ;
My brain a thousand vague ideas cross'd,
Made my heart sick, and chain'd my palsied tongue.

Striving to read, my eyes their task refused ;
Again I strove, and forced their straining gaze ;
I thought—yet could not think I was abused—
I wish'd—but all was darkness and amaze.

Then all that I had read, or heard, or knew
Of women's guile, and how with arts they blind
Unguarded man, to true love most untrue,
Rush'd headlong in, and harrow'd up my mind.

Can I this want of confidence forgive
To me, who would for her thro sultry climes,
Thro frozen seas have pass'd ? not whilst I live ;
'Tis treason, perfidy, the worst of crimes.

To cast a shade o'er infamy! of vice
The bosom friend! to weave the mutual spell!
Surely herself will ne'er be over-nice,
Who could another's shame conceal so well.

Why did she beg the paper from my hand,
But that it proves her conduct base and light?
With trembling earnestness behind me stand?
Then haste away to shun my piercing sight?

It cannot be—some dark mistake is here—
Yet still, *that Woman's* life confirms the deed.
Why doubt? too true alas! the grounds of fear;
If true, my wounded heart must ever bleed.

These a few thoughts, from out the many were,
Which through my mind with fervid motion roll'd:
Disorder, contradiction, dread was there,
And hope, quick yielding to suspicion bold.

Lo! I approach thy presence—while my knees
 Can scarce support their tottering weight along,
 My cheeks now glow, now on a sudden freeze,
 Now pauses my weak heart, now vibrates strong.

Thy hand I press'd, but did not as before
 Feel thrilling pleasure harmonize my frame;
 That magic touch alas! prevailed no more;
 Emotions rose, which now I blush to name.

Then first, with ill-dissembled tenderness
 I wrapp'd thy soft confusion in my arms,
 No accents were prepared thy ears to bless,
 My soul was firmly closed against thy charms.

Yet did I pity thee: yes witness Heaven!
 Compassion view'd thee, though I could not love;
 I saw thee from my bleeding bosom riven!
 And sunk below me, while I soar'd above.

Yes I look'd down with pity on thy state,
As on a Cherub whom I once admired;
I loved thee not, and yet I could not hate,
Mourn'd thee guilt-spotted, but no more desired.

With hesitation my reproach began;
What rapturous pleasure did thy answer bear!
Superior joy ne'er bathed the soul of man,
From the pure stream of bliss, and fount sincere.

Ah Fool! who would not rather have divined
Likeness of names?—Could I with mean disgrace
Thus taint that inborn rectitude of mind,
Disclosed in each bright feature of thy face;

Could I thus stamp with guilt, sensations sprung
From thought most delicate, which shrinks afraid
From the rude breath of censure, from the tongue
Ungenerous, daring without cause upbraid?

Oh ! for the honour of thy sex, and thee,
Still be it mine my darling fair to err !
Ne'er may thy gentle graces veil to me,
Be innocence thy genuine character.

But be it thine to pardon, to display
Thy meekness, frankness ; so shall ardent love
Tho dimm'd awhile, shine with intenser ray,
And even time it's steadier warmth improve.

XVI.

O My soul's only joy ! My promised Wife !
For whom I breathe, for whom the stream of life
Swift courses thro my veins ! Thou generous maid,
By truth and young sincerity array'd
In unsuspecting honour ! Nobly free,
Placing the excess of confidence in me,
Who, heedless of the insipid, prudish art,
Own'st all the genuine dictates of thy heart.
From me no word, no action shalt thou find
To soil thy innate loveliness of mind.

From

From me thy innocence hath nought to fear,
 To me be still unboundedly sincere.
 Still gaze on me with love's complacent eye,
 Still give me tear for tear, and sigh for sigh.
 In my fond bosom hide thy blushing face,
 Be more than passive still to my embrace.
 Dearest of women! oh! without controul
 Indulge these finest movements of the soul!
 My breast is not with vulgar passion fraught,
 I glory in my dignity of thought.

'Tis true, I feel within the kindling fire,
 I feel the madd'ning anguish of desire.
 The agonizing joy, the rapturous pain
 Goads each idea of my swimming brain.
 Yet this, tho sympathizing Thou appear,
 To faintness, and to sickness can I bear,
 Nay e'en to death itself, e'er thou shalt see
 A deed unworthy of myself and thee.

XVII.

HAPPY the Few, who in retirement find
 Those sweet delights which shun tumultuous noise!
 Who feast on pleasures suited to their mind,
 And barter idle shew, for solid joys!

Far from the city, and it's revelers gay,
 To shades and bubbling springs, Love takes his flight;
 He hates the scenes of their fantastic day,
 And long-protracted vigils of their night.

In crowded towns, how rarely virtue dwells!
 How seldom is the genuine muse carest!
 They range the untainted lawns, and rural dells,
 Adorn the maid, or fire her shepherd's breast.

And are we doom'd to this abhorr'd abode?
 Forbid, again to breathe serener air?
 To stray, as erst, along the secret road,
 Untrod by vice, by vanity, and care?

Here

Here avarice sits ; there bursting reason's mound,
 Impertinence rolls on her giddy tide ;
 With thoughtless mirth the lofty domes resound,
 The streets reflect the garish rays of pride.

Should we a moment with the din to cease,
 Would I, my Thespia, frame the soothing lay,
 Some worthless visitors disturb our peace,
 And force the alluring images away.

Friendship their idle bosoms never graeced,
 Not to it's finer voice their nerves are strung,
 Scandal and folly regulate their taste,
 And prompt the quick vibrations of their tongue.

Who, bred in cities, view the lovely beam
 Fresh darted from the morn's expanding eye ?
 Till noon the fair indulge their slothful dream,
 Wake to complain, and breathe the languid sigh.

The important hours are then resign'd to dress,
The fancied form of elegance is near ;
But she, far other minds intent to bless,
Seeks with simplicity a different sphere.

In trifling parties, evening's ear is cloy'd
With mingled converse which no sense can hit ;
Each theme exhausted, cards supply the void,
Poor parti-colour'd emblems of their wit.

Impell'd by vanity, they seek the dance,
Their hair new-modell'd, or their vesture new ;
With hearts unfeeling toward the stage advance,
To pity deaf, to self-love only true.

Or turn'd enthusiasts, music's charms admire ;
How sweetly rapt on it's harmonious wings !
Yet no delight it's tenderest notes inspire,
Then pleas'd alone when straining discord sings.

With

With such as these will faithful love remain?
 Whate'er the whispering coxcomb may protest?
 Their forms, their souls, surveying with disdain,
 To pomp and avarice He resigns their breast.

Loathing it's shape, how shall I vice describe?
 What terrors will it's hideous aspect raise?
 Thy mind will shrink from it's detested tribe,
 Nor dare behold them painted in my lays.

Here, for the unwary, craft inweaves his snares,
 Honour's just trophies envy's force o'erturns,
 Seduction his enticing baits prepares,
 And with unhallow'd flames the matron burns.

Led by example, all her charms displaced
 By education, (tho her will she hides)
 From fear, from interest, is the virgin chaste,
 While thro her veins the subtle poison glides.

Intemperate riot now his orgies holds,
See, abject treachery e'en his friend betray!
The flatterer here his base deceptions moulds,
And there the nightly robber prowls for prey.

And must we ever with these inmates dwell?
Must we perforce these odious mansions choose?
Can we ne'er break pernicious custom's spell?
Oh! form'd for love, for virtue, and the muse?

Form'd with the warmest, best, sincerest heart?
Form'd to perceive, to act by judgment's light?
Form'd with the purest taste, unsoil'd by art,
To urge swift Fancy on, or check her flight?

No, let us vow, when that auspicious hour,
Expected long, together joins our fate,
To seek with nature her congenial bower,
Remote from envy, tumult, and debate.

Or,

Or, should our chains be too severely bound,
That no contagious atoms may infect,
With strictest watch to guard our doors around,
And thus inclosed, escape the dangerous pest.

Meanwhile O light-plumed youth, haste not away !
Veil not the enchanting ardour of thy face ;
Let thy eyes glistening dart the vivid ray,
With transport speak, and move with native grace.

Ah ! much I fear, e'er that auspicious hour,
No more thy bloom soft-mantling will be seen,
Fading, as shrink before the solar power
May's fragrant blossoms, and her cheerful green.

With thee, must joy, must smiling love retreat ?
Shall the quick stream which warms the heart, be cold ?
Shall sensibility desert her seat ?
And fancy's radiant visions clouds infold ?

Shall

Shall innocence no more her blush bestow?
Tender humanity, the pitying sigh?
No more enraptured, shall the spirits flow
At honour's call? To us shall virtue die?

Forbid it all ye powers, whose bounteous hands,
Our soul-connecting wreath at first entwined!
Let us rejoin your unpolluted bands,
And leave the infected city far behind.

Still, still awhile retard the wings of youth!
Give us retirement's genuine bliss to share!
Let mutual faith, sincerity, and truth,
The blameless muse, and ardent love be there!

XVIII.

WHO, elevated by the sacred flame
Of Poesy sublime, their minds debase?
Spotted with indecorous deeds of shame?
And imitating man's inferior race?

How

How little they the muse's votary know,
Who think his soul from constancy will swerve,
While the pure current whence his numbers flow,
Each artery fills, and strengthens every nerve

These truths, my Thespia, on thy memory seal;
Are there, who boast to join her chosen train,
Fickle and wavering, of affections frail,
Pursuing joys fantastic, light and vain?

Who stoop to vaunting pride? who covet gold?
Who scorn the least of honour's generous ties?
Rude in their manners, pert, obtrusive, bold,
The muse surveys them with indignant eyes.

No warm originality is theirs,
Genius retired, or frown'd upon their birth,
Mechanic rhimesters, to mechanic ears,
The frigid, groveling progeny of earth.

Idly they strive to ascend the forked hill,
It's arduous paths, and rocks abrupt to climb,
Forever at it's base, tho' labouring still,
Then swept unnoticed down the vale of time.

Confiding in their oaths—Oh, luckless fair!
What woes, what tortures, follow close behind!
Unprincipled their giddy bark they steer,
It suits their native littleness of mind.

Not thus on whom the true Phœbean ray
It's influence sheds; his bosom glowing bright,
Free are his numbers as the beams of day,
Ardent and chaste as that celestial light.

Should he, amid the fervid hours of youth,
Be drawn by pleasure's specious wiles aside,
Soon he retreats, led back by radiant truth,
Nor e'er forsakes again his bounteous guide:

To fashion's mode he varies not his strain,
 Nature and taste impart their liberal rules,
 No flatterer he, no slave to sordid gain,
 And independent on the breath of fools.

For no peculiar day, no age he sings,
 The time will come when judgment shall prevail;
 For late posterity he spreads his wings,
 And lives, when marble monuments shall fail.

Firmness and dignity possess his soul,
 No wild caprice, or trifles fond, beguile;
 His steady course is bent toward honour's goal,
 The virtues praise him, and the graces smile.

How true to fame! how tenderly alive
 To pity's soft emotions! How sincere!
 How vainly the tumultuous passions strive
 To shake his breast! they claim no empire there.

No change he knows, ne'er roves his devious eye,
 On him the virgin's heart it's faith reclines ;
 He estimates a tear of her's, a sigh,
 Above Potosi's or Golconda's mines.

Doth not on him her every hope depend ?
 Shall love, shall innocence, repent the trust ?
 Can rectitude it's deeds with falsehood blend ?
 Or can the muses' offspring be unjust ?

Haply their spurious brood at strains like these
 May scoff ; and dissipation laugh aloud :
 But nature all-consistent in her ways,
 With the sun's essence mingles not a cloud.

In the same breast she places not desires
 Of adverse sort, discriminating nice ;
 Nor kindles strong imagination's fires,
 In the cold head, or luke-warm heart of vice.

XIX.

FROM the first hour when I beheld the light,
 No time compared with this have I survey'd,
 No day e'er rose with lustre half so bright,
 No minutes shone in plumes so fair array'd.

At length adversity hath spent her store,
 Or with false aim her poison'd arrows fly;
 Our spirits long deprest, again can soar,
 No tears but those of bliss, shall wet our eye.

O my Beloved! this day shall ever stand,
 With me, the golden period of the year;
 This day good fortune waved her potent wand,
 Dispersing all the mists of doubt and fear.

Ne'er may they rise again our joys between!
 Ye unexpected ties propitious prove!
 Fairer, and brighter still be every scene,
 Pourtray'd by tendernefs, illumed by love!

XX.*

LET some heap wealth with never-ceasing pain,
 Try every art, and brave all ills for gain.
 Let others toil in war; whom glory charms,
 Their slumbers broken by the din of arms.
 Me, neither emulous of pomp or praise,
 Choice to a life of indolence betrays.
 Nor small the pleasure which the country yields,
 It's rills untainted and innoxious fields.

Now from the incircling weed the plant I free,
 Now shake the ripen'd apple from the tree;
 My thriving nursery view; or lands which bear
 The frugal portion of the future year;
 In hope, my sheaves arranged with skill, survey,
 Or homeward borne, and safely piled away.

I blush not in my hardy palm to take
 The sharpen'd sickle, or collecting rake;

To

* This Elegy is principally imitated from the first and second of Tibullus.

To turn the furrow in the loofen'd plain,
And throw with liberal hand the yellow grain.
Or when unheeded by it's careless dam,
To foster by my fire a tender lamb.
This is the place where life with joy is spent,
These are the haunts which cherish sweet content,

Oh! when a vacant interspace I find,
To tread the paths, myself have taught to wind,
Where the trim hedgerows, neatly pleach'd, around
Defend my farm, and circumscribe it's bound.
To break my fence, and ramble, void of care,
Across the hills and dales, I know not where;
How struck with awe, or pleasure, should my eye
A blasted oak unseen before espy!
Or my ear catch the song of rustic hind
Borne on the pinions of the breathing wind!

Tho slender are my means, nor large my store,
Yet not unhospitable is my door;

Oft shall my honest neighbour enter there,
 And own, that tho not rich, I am sincere.
 There helpless age shall gain some small supply,
 Nor lift in vain the supplicating eye.

My hills, my lawns, ye bursting torrents spare !
 Nor sweep away the produce of the year !
 Ye gales with wholesome breath around them blow !
 So shall my grazing flock no taintworm know :
 So shall my vigorous oxen plow the field,
 My healthy kine their nectared treasures yield.
 Be to my humble prayer propitious, Heaven !
 Oh ! make not less the little thou hast given !

That little is enough ; with that I'm blest ;
 And feel each wish abundantly possess'd.
 Yes, 'tis enough ; what luxury ne'er knows,
 Each eve I steep my limbs in calm repose.
 Should I awake, how pleas'd, to lye, and hear
 The raging winds without assail my ear !

And

And should my Thespia at the tempest start,
 To strain the trembling fair one to my heart !
 Or when the wintry rain descends in streams
 Then to be buried in Elysian dreams !

This be *my* lot ; let him be rich for me,
 Who dares the perils of the uncertain sea ;
 The pointed rocks, and hidden quicksands braves,
 And all the fury of the winds and waves.
 This be *my* lot ; content shall league with health,
 Nor give one anxious thought to pride or wealth.
 My luxury ; the summer's fervid sun
 In some o'er-arching cave, or grove to shun ;
 Seek the deep-shaded stream which steals along,
 And pour my unpremeditated song.
 When winter drives my cattle to the fold,
 And the shrunk æther is benumb'd with cold ;
 To heap the crackling fuel, and at ease
 Enjoy the spreading lustre of the blaze ;

Or bid my distant household train draw nigh,
And catch the pleasure beaming from their eye.

Riches! I give them to the wind—to me
They shine unnoticed, and my fair to thee.
Riches! again I give you to the wind—
Say, can you add one pleasure to the mind?
Root out the ever-withering branch of care?
Or plant one vegetative virtue there?

Wide-straying Fancy, whither dost thou rove?
O Thespia, all these thoughts I owe to love.
From thee they spring, by thee my breast was fired,
And reason sanctifies, what love inspired.
Had not thy wishes breathed an humble life,
I might perhaps, with base diseases rife,
Have joined the sordid throng—have dogg'd the train
Of abject pride, and clank'd my golden chain.
Now do I know to live my Thespia, now
To live indeed, for thou hast taught me how.

For

For thee my Love, no toil would I disdain,
 But vie in labour with the meanest swain.
 My oxen join, when day begins to peep,
 Or on the lonely mountain feed my sheep;
 And while my arms thy gentle form surround,
 Enjoy soft slumbers on the rugged ground.
 Who on the embroider'd couch would wish to lye,
 If scornful love expand his sleepless eye?
 Ah! wretch! soft melody's enchanting strain,
 The downy pillow tempts repose in vain.

Let vanity in empty shew delight,
 To glitter in the gazer's wondring sight;
 Let proud ambition to the court repair,
 There the mean brow of fervile flattery wear,
 Cringe to some worthless pander every hour,
 Creep on the dirty ground, to rise to power.
 Let avarice looking on his tumid store,
 Exulting lift his head, and curse the poor;

Thou

Thou fill'st my every wish, and while the fire
Of life shall burn, no other shall transpire.

E'en at the last, thou still my fight shalt bless,
And my weak hand shall strive thy hand to press,
How wilt thou mourn, and droop thy pensive head,
When on my bed of death I shall be laid !
Yes, thou wilt mourn, my pale, cold limbs embrace,
And bathe with ineffectual tears my face.
Thou hast no flinty heart which cannot feel,
Thy bosom is not braced with chains of steel.
With streaming eyes see me inhumed in clay,
Nor force shall tear thee from my grave away.
Yet oh ! thy cheeks at that dread moment spare,
Nor rend the flowing tresses of thy hair !
Tho torn from thee by death's relentless will,
My conscious soul shall fondly view thee still.

Meantime let love be ours ; too soon will spread
The fable cloud round each devoted head.

Too

Too soon old age steals on, whose frosted hair
 Forbids the genial blandishments to share.
 Now let the fugitive be our's ! for now
 On our flush'd cheeks sits well his fervent glow.
 Now it becomes to mix the endearing scene,
 And scatter sweet protervity between.

Far be the bustling world ! it's trivial joys,
 It's fame, it's wealth, it's honours, I despise.

XXI.

HATH the flaming car of day
 Roll'd its annual course away,
 Since my Thespia to my arms
 Yielded first her virgin charms ?
 Since the meekly-blushing fair
 Whisper'd softly in my ear,
 Anxious grief and doubt are flown,
 Take me, I am all thy own ?

Yes,

Yes, the rapid hours are past,
 Fled with more than winged haste.
 Swift indeed is pleasure's tread,
 Swift ye hours of joy Ye fled.
 Ever-enchanted ! ever-new !
 Still with fondest look I view
 The gentle beams which from thy heart
 Thro thy eyes expressive dart.
 Still I feel a lover's fire,
 Tenderest thoughts, and warm desire ;
 The bridal graces round thee play,
 Young, unconscious of decay.

Hence reproach, and satire vain !
 Fools may feel the galling chain.
 Freedom for us the garland wove,
 Connecting Hymen, close with love.
 Doth possession render less
 The sweet zest of happiness ?
 How with pity we behold
 The groveling foul, and slaves of gold !

XXII.

I Call no virgin of the nine,
 I bend not low at fancy's shrine,
 To truth alone these strains belong.
 She guides my pen, and prompts my song.
 O Thespia, time, which can controul
 The wilder fervours of the soul,
 Before whom falshood stands confess,
 Of frailty the decisive test,
 Hath, while the still-progressive year
 Surrounded twice the solar sphere,
 Added new strength to tender love,
 The passion nicer spirits prove.
 Hath tried thy soul, and found it right,
 Hath brought new graces forth to light;
 Discover'd beauties in the wife,
 Which could not bloom in single life.

How poor is wealth, how low is power,
 Compared with thy superior dower!

Thine

Thine are the charms of innocence,
 Of unaffected, native sense,
 From that, springs chaste and humorous mirth,
 And this, to decency gives birth,
 The band without whose modest tye
 Mirth is unmeaning revelry.
 Thine is compassion's breath sincere,
 Her gentle sigh and generous tear.
 Prudential caution, artless ease,
 That sweet sollicitude to please
 Which never fails my soul to bless,
 And renders every trouble less.

Let fortune frown: let friendship fade,
 Disown the promises it made;
 Let flattery cringe, her baits display,
 And leagued with selfish fraud, betray.
 Whatever winds across my course
 Blow adverse, and whate'er their force,
 Thou still shalt soothe my ruffled breast,
 With thee peace builds her halcyon nest.

Thou

Thou wilt content's pure joys impart,
 And calm serenity of heart.
 I hate no more, by thee refined,
 But only wonder at mankind.
 And tho I know my prayer is vain,
 And they are fetter'd by the chain
 Of folly, malice, pride, and pelf,
 Wish they were happy as myself.

XXIII.

THERE are, who think mankind are born to rove,
 By nature vagrant as the uncertain gale,
 Who laugh at vows of constancy and love,
 As dreams of fancy, or a dotard's tale.

To these, my Thespia, silence is the best,
 The only answer, can be justly given;
 Let them enjoy their dull unmeaning jest;
 Can creeping mists pollute the face of Heaven?

They

They know not real love, nor ever knew;
And bent on vulgar scenes of low delight,
Can never virtue's genuine beauties view,
Or the true ray of pleasure mildly bright.

In fashion's bowers they flit their little day,
And eager from their souls to banish thought,
To idle dissipation homage pay,
And giddy, drink her various-mingled draught.

For them let secret pity drop a tear
And nobly conscious of sublimer joys,
Self-satisfied her happier fortune bear,
And leave to change and vanity their toys.

Conscious the darling object ne'er can tire,
True love to each external good is blind,
Fix'd is the wavering pinion of desire,
Thought answers thought, and mind embraces mind.

Who

Who think like us, like us who love, to those
Can wealth or power an added pleasure give?
Their tender sympathy still stronger grows,
Till memory dies their warm affections live.

Them do their smiling progeny amuse?
The infant race their mutual cares employ.
This gift should wisest providence refuse,
They in each other centre every joy.

Not accident or time can e'er divide
The attractive, firm, indissoluble chain,
The band which cordial amity hath tyed,
No power, but death itself can break in twain.

XXIV.

London, February, 1775.

HERE mid the giddy and the vain I rove
 In cheerless solitude, nor taste of joy,
 My mind retreats to those dear scenes of love,
 Those scenes where pleasure reigns without alloy.

Unsatisfied from gayety I turn,
 What charms has luxury or pride for me?
 Methinks I view departed virtue's urn,
 And forrowing fix my longing thoughts on thee,

On thee, her living image; in whose soul
 Dwells every grace which harmonizes life,
 Which gilds with bliss the moments as they roll,
 And makes me venerate the name of wife.

Here mid the crowd, unknowing, and unknown,
 I pass in gloomy fullness along;
 Each entertainment now is odious grown,
 The dance insipid, tiresome is the song.

Ah!

Ah ! I perceive that nought on earth can please,
When wanting thee, sole object of delight,
Thy eyes emit their soft expressive rays,
And pleasure smiles, enamour'd at the sight.

Alone, I bear a dull and lifeless load,
My thoughts are moping, comfortless, and cold,
Thy presence is the warm inciting goad
Which cheers each sense, and renders fancy bold.

How wretched they ! who in the mazy round
Of idle fashion urge their fruitless chace,
Who every tender sentiment confound,
And nature's laws submit to folly base !

Here every hour the ideot train I spy,
The busy, fluttering, gay, unthinking crew,
In every place they meet the sated eye,
And wanton licence sickens at the view.

They know, my Love, no happiness serene,
Though in the wild pursuit their lives are spent,
They die unconscious of the soothing strain
Which charms the listening ear of sweet content.

Mistaken fair Ones ! Idle, thoughtless tribe !
Victims to vice, to vanity, and play !—
Say, could the world, and all its riches bribe
Thy nobler heart, my Thespia, thus to stray ?

Thus to abandon the domestic scene,
Where gentlest peace forever waves her wing ?
Where honour, virtue, mild affection reign,
And Hymen wears the eternal vest of spring ?

No never. Thou incircled in my arms,
Own'st every wish, and every joy complete ;
While I with rapture gazing on thy charms,
Despise the mean ambition of the great.

Ye sluggish hours, haste, haste more swift away;
 That I may fly to all my soul holds dear!
 Thy banner, chaste, connubial Love display,
 And guide me safely to her breast sincere!

XXV.

YE Nymphs who tend each blooming grove
 Of shady *Hants*, receive my Fair!

Oh! heed the entreating voice of love,
 And guard her with peculiar care!
 A worthier guest ye never knew,
 Ne'er hail'd a soul of more unspotted hue.

If thus my Thespia tread the plain,
 A favourite of the sylvan Powers,
 Or in the friendly dome remain,
 Where glide life's pure unruffled hours,
 Say, will not her reflecting mind
 Oft trace the pleasing scenes she left behind?

It will ; awhile herself she cheats,
And thinks the distant vision near,
With new-raised joy her bosom beats,
But soon it fades, and melts in air.
Wishing the real scenes to spy,
With downcast look, she checks the tender sigh.

From my own thoughts I judge of thine,
The same illusions float around,
But ah ! too quickly I resign
The ideal form, the ideal sound,
Thy graces, like the meteor's ray,
Thy voice, like feeble echo's, dies away.

On Isca's margin green I rove,
Or hurry toward the rural cot,
But unobserved by social love,
The varied landscape charms me not ;
Only by thee attractive made,
Deck'd with it's beauteous tints of light and shade.

Oh !

Oh! come thou Wanderer! pleasure's beam
 Now setting, shall again arise,
 With love united, pour it's stream
 Of radiance, and adorn the skies.
 Come gentle wanderer to my heart!
 Return, return, my soul's far dearer part!

XXVI.

NOW issuing from his northern reign,
 Stern winter rushes o'er the plain,
 And proudly boasts his power.
 The Genius of the forest sighs,
 While penfive nature shivering lyes
 Beneath her leafless bower.

Who Thespia, shall the season cheer?
 Relax the rigour of the year?
 And e'en in winter's arms,
 Bid fancy place gay-blooming spring,
 And frolic Zephyr wave his wing,
 In homage to her charms?

Ah! who but love! within the breast
By his enchanting influence blest
Perennial roses grow;
Ethereal mildness harbours there,
No furious storms or nipping air
His sweet enthusiasts know.

They view well-pleased a different clime,
To them a different date of time,
Another sun belongs;
While all-unseen by vulgar eye,
Ten thousand plumed pleasures fly,
And chaunt their vernal songs.

If haply human passions swell,
And shake awhile their peaceful cell,
They strive with idle force:
Soon, mutual fondness in her chains
The momentary blasts restrains,
And smiling, checks their course.

Soon

Soon as before, the lilies bloom,
 Again the roses breathe perfume,
 And fresher colours spread;
 Again the pleasures wave their wing,
 Again their warbled transports sing,
 Around the nuptial bed.

O Thespia, days and years pass by:
 The varying seasons we espy,
 To us no change is known;
 With us perpetual verdure blows,
 For us with constant beauty glows
 A season of our own.

XXVII.

SAY, can the Muse with all her magic power
 Though every grace attends her fairy strain,
 Tho she hath cull'd each bloom which decks the bower
 Of elegance, to ornament her strain :

Can she the soul of Hymeneal love,
 Can she it's tender sympathies pourtray?
 While harmony expands her wings above,
 And passion yields to friendship's steadier ray?

Ah no ! 'tis her's, the suffering lover's tears,
 His feverish hopes, and wild desires to paint,
 His giddy transports, jealous doubts, and fears,
 But who can trace the charms of full content?
 The soft complacence of the conscious heart
 Mocks the rude touches of poetic art.

XXVIII. The

XXVIII.

THOU I have broke by force the dazzling spell,
 No longer by it's bright illusions sway'd,
 Tho plunged in action I have bid farewell
 To soothing fancy, to each tuneful maid.

Yet at thy call I take a transient view,
 And for a moment seek the Muses shrine,
 Fresh-blooming chaplets on their altar strew,
 To their enchantments deaf, but ruled by thine.

Yes, witness nuptial Love! No other power
 Could now evoke the long-forgotten strain,
 With glancing sun-beam cheer the clouded hour,
 And urge me to their roseate paths again.

With thee I trace each lawn, each meadow green;
 Thy voice, is that of reason, science, truth;
 With thee I visit each ideal scene,
 The rapture-breathing haunts of early youth.

Well-

Well-pleased the son of Venus I behold,
Well-pleased behold him aim his thrilling dart,
And generous ardour scorning fordid gold,
And faith ingenuous linking heart to heart.

And adverse fate prepared to break the tye,
But idly-striving with malicious hand,
And perseverance with intrepid eye,
And hope gay-waving her ethereal wand.

And Hymen with a fragrant garland crown'd
By the soft fingers of the graces wove,
Scattering profuse a thousand blessings round,
And holding converse sweet with smiling love.

With smiling love still converse sweet He holds ;
To no ideal scenes we need repair,
The muse's hallow'd shrine his wing infolds,
And the Bard offers his just homage there.

His

His be the chaplets ! his the votive lay !
 Let others dwell on thoughts of past delight ;
 He gilds the beams of this auspicious day,
 And sheds o'er all the fane his influence bright.

This morn to gratulate, for many a year
 May I with joy awake the slumbering lyre !
 My numbers which to Thespia first were dear,
 Will at her bidding reassume their fire.

I ask not fame, misjudging Croud begone !
 The muse ye vilify sings not for you.
 She sings for Thespia, and from her alone
 Expects the palm to constant passion due.

XXIX.

Bath, December 20, 1778.

YE Nymphs! Who o'er these mystic springs
preside,

Which the laborious search of art deride,
By whom alone is traced their winding course,
Who know each seed impregnating their source,
And whether chymic heat, or real flame
Preserves their warmth, thro countless years the same.
Great is your virtue, and with praises due
Hygeia oft hath tuned the lyre to you.

But oh! ye chaste-breath'd Harmonies! whose sway,
And gentle impulse minds select obey;
Who in the softer, purer heart reside,
Each thought refine, and each emotion guide,
Who from that seat expel intruding care,
And bid serene complacence harbour there,
Bid patience spread her wing, ethereal guest,
And charm the sullen passions into rest;

Without

Without your aid, how vain the boasted waves
 Would issue from their subterraneous caves!
 In vain the Nymphs would cause them still to flow,
 Steam in the bath, or in the chrystal glow.
 Say then my Thespia, shall not I e'erlong,
 The blue-eyed sisters hail with grateful song?
 Who to these streams (no doubt inspired by Heaven)
 Such matchless force and energy have given?
 Yes, pristine health must soon again be mine;
 For all the mental harmonies are thine.

XXX.

O 'Thou! who climb'st at morn the mountain high,
 Viewing the impurpled east with joyful eye,
 Thence with light step descending to the vale,
 Imbibest with extasy the breezy gale!
 Or piercing thro some covert yet untried,
 Beating the moist, o'er-hanging boughs aside,

Still

Still movest delighted on with nimble pace,
 The sprinkled dew-drops glittering in thy face ;
 Listening the brook which idly brawls along,
 And every plumed warbler's matin song !
 Or when the burnish'd car by Phœbus roll'd,
 Darts more intense it's rays of liquid gold,
 Beneath some ivy-fringed cave reclined,
 Fancy's bright visions rushing on thy mind,
 With spirits bland, nursed by the genial powers,
 Soothe'st with melodious notes the sultry hours !

Nor less when each gay verdant scene is lost,
 And winter shoots his darts of polar frost,
 With exercise thy sister, pleased, to brave
 The winds fierce issuing from their stormy cave !
 Fleet o'er the smooth and ice-bound lake to skim,
 While the blood glows in every active limb !
 To follow where the hounds direct their speed,
 Urging o'er hill and dale the rapid steed !

Or by the social blaze, with cheerful breast
 Prompting the tale of mirth and frolic jest,
 The rural laugh which springs from heart-felt glee,
 The sprightly dance, and artless minstrelsy !
 Hygeia ! fairest Nymph of Dian's train !
 Ah ! why by me so long pursued in vain !

I see thee not, when beams morn's purple light,
 When shines the sun with mid-day fervour bright,
 I meet thee not upon the mountain's brow,
 In the wild woodland, or the vale below,
 Nor by the prattling brook with osiers crown'd,
 Nor in the cave with flaunting ivy bound ;
 And when the minstrel sings with heart-felt glee,
 To him confest, thy charms are hid from me.
 Hygeia ! fairest Nymph of Dian's train !
 Ah ! why by me so long pursued in vain !

Yet sometimes at a distance, I survey,
 But dim, and through a cloud, thy paler ray.

H

I snatch

I snatch the lucid interval, and soar
 Awhile with swift-wing'd fancy as of yore ;
 The muses invoke, with zealous prayer,
 Nor unpropitious do the muses hear ;
 Till the cloud thickening, veils thy beams in night,
 Fancy prone sinks from her aerial height :
 Pain whets his stings, their torpid force prevails,
 The venom spreads, the mental ardour fails.

Still fly Hygeia ! drooping Fancy fly !
 A sacred power there is, forever nigh.
 Love, in thy shape, my Thespia, stands unmoved ;
 Love ne'er deserts what once it truly loved.
 Sickness still more forbids it's bonds to start,
 And pity softens more it's tender heart :
 A gentler, but more strong attraction reigns ;
 And milder energies new-brace it's chains.

While then my Thespia's looks each care beguile,
 While in her presence pain and languor smile,

While

While on the mind she pours an healing balm,
 And binds it's tempests in an halcyon calm,
 Awakens hope, and banishes despair,
 And though I feel, yet teaches me to bear;
 Still fly Hygeia! Thou too Fancy fly!
 A strengthening soul-inspiring power is nigh.
 Let that, her influence; this, her strains refuse;
 Thou shalt be health my Thespia, thou the Muse.

XXXI.

AT least in plumes unborrow'd I present
 These elegies of love to Thespia's eye;
 She hates with me the florid ornament,
 And gaudy muse, whose strains her soul belie.

To Thespia only, and the few, whose taste
 Accords with her's, the tender lays belong.
 Life's real scenes, domestic, simple, chaste,
 Form for the vulgar no attractive song.

Envy might hasten to depreciate fame ;
And Critics sneer with many a wilefs jest,
Assail with insults her unspotted name,
And wound, if possible, her candid breast.

They might perchance cull with illiberal art
Each weaker number, (for what powers can build
The faultless rhyme ?) and judging from a part,
Pronounce the whole with blots unseemly fill'd.

Or hating living worth, some author dead
Produce ; his faintest page contrast with mine ;
And think the wreath must fade upon my head,
Because his laurels, spite of malice, shine.

Not thus would they aver, Tibullus wove
His gentle song to Delia's matchless praise ;
Not Hammond thus, selected priest of love,
Taught by each grace, pour'd his mellifluous lays.

Their

Their muse, unfailing taste with beauty crowns,
No lapse, no transient flaw our eyes behold,—
Insensible are they to envy's frowns,
They breathe no longer on this earthly mould.

No bard I seek to rival in my strain;
As nature dictated, the Roman wrote;
Hammond in elegant and easy vein,
Hath sweetly copied what Tibullus thought.

As nature dictated with sovereign will,
So rose my thoughts, so flow'd my easy lay.
The quick sensations fly from tardy skill,
Yet elegance may move as swift as they.

For join'd with sentiment, expression springs,
From the same lucid chamber of the mind.
Coarseness it's speed must check, retract it's wings,
And hovering round, long strive to be refined.

But Thespia smiles—She all the verse inspired ;
Form'd each idea, fees each feeling true.
Love is the only judge to be desired,
Where only love the genuine portraits drew.

Hence then away, ye mean invidious bands !
And the vile croud, which iterates your voice !
These strains, my Thespia, shall escape their hands ;
Such is thy purer wish, and such my choice.

Some friends alone, our faithful loves shall read,
Consentient minds, who cannot, will not blame ;
From envy, from each grosser passion freed,
Whose thoughts are hallow'd, whose esteem is fame.

The first Impression of these Poems concluded with the Elegy
above.

XXXII.

O THESPIA, what calamity is theirs,
 Who with no soft companion of their way,
 Are doom'd to struggle with conflicting cares,
 And through adversity's dark paths to stray !

Who sunk from affluence, are condemn'd to prove
 The loss of friends, necessity's sharp fang,
 It's rankling wound ne'er soothed by tender love,
 Exposed without resource to every pang !

Their ruin'd fortune how can they sustain ?
 And all the blasted hopes of life resign ?
 Support the stroke of agonizing pain ?
 And on it's dreary bed for months recline ?

Still Passion's slaves, with wild reflections fraught,
 Can they the fierce heart-rending tumult bear !
 Who shall the fallies curb of frantic thought
 Who from their tortured bosoms chase despair ?

With what complacence, what serene delight
The pleasing contrast of my lot I view
With thee, my Thespia, every care is light,
And adverse fate assumes a different hue.

Close on the verge of want, with thee I taste
Joys which exhaustless mines would fail to give,
No idle wish on former prospects waste,
And scorning riches, prodigally live.

For in thy soul my countless wealth is stored,
To me by partial fate the key was given,
Mine is alone the pure refulgent hoard,
The coin which bears the genuine stamp of Heaven.

While I this sacred treasure may command,
On it's vague plumes let fickle friendship fly,
Let cold esteem unmoved at distance stand,
Affected pity wipe her tearless eye.

'Tis

'Tis thine anxiety and grief to charm
To soothe the lingering torments of disease,
Thine every raging passion to disarm,
As when the breath of zephyr calms the seas.

O wedded Love! true Fosterer of the heart!
How did I lately feel thy magic power,
When all the boasted remedies of art
Were vain and fruitless in the afflictive hour!

Thy influence, piercing like the solar ray,
Cherish'd the latent germs of strength within,
Gave them to shoot, as when the buds of May
From the dried bark their vernal growth begin.

By thee upraised, attentive to thy voice,
I sought the rills, the lawns, the blooming vale
Where frolic childhood bade my soul rejoice,
Where first my lips essay'd the tender tale.

Invoked

Invoked by thee—again young Fancy came
And met my steps by Alphin's willow'd side,
Memory renew'd her weak diminish'd flame,
And Health allured me toward the hills of Ide.

I felt the tepid breezes of the spring,
I saw with cheerful looks the village throng,
I heard the early lark on soaring wing,
And raised once more the involuntary song.

Ye scenes long lost! scenes of my boyish years!
Ye scenes where pleasure and where love I found!
Thou babbling brook, whose stream my bosom cheers!
Ye verdant lawns, Ye orchards blooming round!

Witness, beholding you, whose charms I trace!
For here in affectation unarray'd,
I saw my Thespia rich in native grace,
And wooed the Muse to sing my favourite Maid.

Oh!

Oh! be your power ye gentle scenes confest!
 On the tired soul refreshing balm you shed,
 By you with new-born vigour glows the breast,
 By you content drops roses on the head.

Still lovely vale, and still ye hills of Ide
 Shall you by me with grateful note be sung,
 And exercise, and wedded love my guide,
 And health's alluring smile, and fancy young.

But to preserve the blessings they bestow,
 All, all, my Thespia, must on thee depend,
 My song, nay more, my life to thee I owe,
 Unwearied Guardian! Tutorefs! Lover! Friend!

XXXIII.

December 20, 1782.

THY prayers are granted ; Heaven again bestows
 Firmness, and active nerves, the sparkling eye ;
 Quick thro my veins the genial current flows,
 My features reassume a clearer dye.

Now freed from self ; imagination roves,
 Paints fairy forms, ideal scenes renews,
 Strikes the gay lyre, invokes the smiling loves,
 And bathes her forehead in Pierian dews.

With sympathy again my breast is fraught,
 To feelings not it's own once more expands,
 Exults in warm vivacity of thought,
 And longs to mingle with the social bands.

Yet, in it's kindness, cruel, fate denies
 This intercourse of freedom unrestrain'd,
 Forbids the struggling soul at once to rise,
 Still braced with shackles tho less strictly chain'd.

But

But shall I therefore pine, and not enjoy
Retirement's solid good, and learned ease?
Will not philosophy her balm employ,
And give the deepest solitude to please?

Revoke the word—what solitude is mine?
Am I not blest beyond a Monarch's lot?
Possessing thee, what radiant sun-beams shine,
And gild with happiness our rural cot!

With thee my Thespia crowded courts attend,
Their polished graces, not their mean desires,
The bland companion, and the festive friend,
The charms of converse, and its brighter fires.

With thee my humble dwelling all contains,
And more than cities boast; not turgid pride;
But sweet tranquility which loves the plains,
And seeks the murmuring stream's sequester'd side.

How

How grateful is the peasant's honest nod
Compared with servile cringes, feign'd respect!
How far superior he who breaks the clod
To those who shine with sordid honours deckt!

With thee, what joy, to hear the choral lay
Which nature prompts the feather'd tribe to pour,
When they exulting hail the morning ray,
Or bless the milder eve's declining hour!

Such melody let sapient taste despise,
The complex knot of harmony unfold;
Our's be each simpler pleasure, our's to prize
This lowly roof beyond the fretted gold.

Our's o'er the hill, or thro the lawns to walk,
Give common objects more than common praise.
The hedge-closed lane enliven with our talk,
While o'er our cheeks the mutual transport plays.

From

[III]

From inward bliss to embellish every scene,
 With livelier tints the prospect to adorn,
 To cloathe the meadows with a fresher green,
 And hang with sweeter blossoms, every thorn.

Our's to the neighbouring village to repair,
 Lift the slight latch, and ope the fragile door,
 Heed the complaints of industry and care,
 And soothe the painful anguish of the poor.

Oh wretch ! who much possessing, wilt not give
 From thy luxurious waste with liberal mind !
 Oh ! wretch ! who having little, darest to live,
 While to thyself that little is confined !

Or be it our's, when drives bleak winter's fleet,
 Or hoary frosts incrust the faded grass,
 As now, with joy the wrinkled fire to greet,
 And bid with careless laugh his terrors pass.

Or

Or by the blazing hearth, in cheerful mood
Recall the pleasing deeds of younger times,
With temperate cup impell the lazy blood,
Read idle tales, or carp at idle rhimes.

Pull down the buildings fancied wisdom rears,
Turn o'er the historian's, or the traveller's page,
Measure the earth, dart upward to the spheres,
Pity the sceptic, and admire the sage.

Contemplate man, each different being trace,
How various, how distinct, yet how combined !
The unerring laws controuling every race,
How groveling, matter ! how ennobled, mind !

Then cast each system, reason cast aside,
And in ourselves all human pleasures view,
Whim, frolic fancy, or caprice the guide,
They take the lead, and playful we pursue.

Ah !

Ah! who shall tempt me to life's wider road
From these more circumscribed, but happy bounds?
The abject throng let tyrant lucre goad,
Me with her golden vest content furrounds.

In thee, my Thespia, a far mightier power
Then Plutus, hath lock'd up his plenteous store,
The riches of the soul thy native dower,
Virtue's chaste essence, and love's purest ore.

XXXIV.

WHENCE flows the stream of poesy refined?
From that pellucid fountain in the mind,
Which gives the germs of elegance to bloom,
Spread their soft leaves, and breathe their mild perfume.
To which, where'er it's liberal currents glide
Each nicer feeling owes it's vernal pride.
Where early Love inspired with transport laves,
Bathing his pinions in the glassy waves;

Whence, urged by time, his feet refuse to stray,
 To quit the enchanting shade, and flowery way.
 The winds may howl, the surging billows roar,
 The tempest fierce assault life's distant shore,
 Tranquil he sits, nor heeds the inclement sky,
 In vain the thunders burst, the lightnings fly;
 Tranquil he sits, and views the vernal scene,
 The beauteous foliage, and the tide serene;
 Or pleased with youthful fancy to recline,
 For him a wreath the gentler passions twine,
 Approach his hallow'd form with modest tread,
 And bind the blushing fragrance round his head.

Hither he bids his chosen train repair;
 Thespia obey! inhale the purer air;
 Mark, if within the scope of human sight
 Arise such fairy visions of delight,
 Mark the gay groves, the golden fruitage see,
 The bowers of love, of peace, of harmony!

While

While thus, with tones unknown to classic ground,
 Nor from the Aonian mountain echoed round,
 Bright Consistency, the raptured haunts among,
 Strikes the sweet lyre, and pours the heart-felt song.

Our's is the clime which real joys enfold,
 And our's the true unfabled age of gold,
 No blasting doubts, no frosts of hate we fear,
 But spring eternal leads the circling year.
 From hence no vague ideal wishes rove,
 Freedom is our's, tho circumscribed by love.
 The moments haste unnoticed in their flight,
 Day follows day, and night succeeds to night,
 Whate'er is mortal yields to time's controul,
 But unimpair'd remains the steadfast soul.
 Tho youth should fade, and beauty's magic flame,
 Truth's ever-living radiance is the same.
 Seek then the clime which real joys enfold,
 Our's is the true unfabled age of gold.

No blasting doubts, no frosts of hate we fear,
While spring eternal leads the circling year.

XXXV.

December 20, 1784.

YET once again I quit the strand,
And leave the calm and peaceful land.
Thro treacherous seas my canvas spread,
Or watchful drop the sounding lead.
Prepared to brave the storms of life,
To shun the dangerous rocks of strife,
And wind (if possible) my course
With ready art, or stedfast force.
No novice on the inconstant main
It's furling waves I plough again.
Should calumny her lightnings dart,
They cannot reach a vital part,
Tho friendship should once more betray,
While liberal candour points the way

I view

I view her with disdainful eye,
View her, and pass uninjured by.

Hail to the generous and the kind
Of upright thought and purer mind!
By whom encouraged, from the bowers
Where leisure tends her dewy flowers,
Where with their not unwelcome strain
The muses soothed the bed of pain,
Where by reflection's voice subdued
Sunk pride of heart, and passion rude,
Where love by pious friendship blest
With genuine sun-shine cheer'd the breast,
My station uncompell'd I take,
And sloth's obscurer haunts forsake;
For their's is truth's and reason's tone,
"Man lives not for himself alone."
Nor unless health her aid denies,
Should he renounce the social ties.

Farewell then every study light !
 To every muse a long good night !
 Imagination's fairy store
 Charms my determined soul no more.
 My ears are closed, her Siren train
 Sit on the cliffs, and sing in vain.

While health is mine, at duty's call
 Not the severest tasks appall ;
 Nature's entangled wiles to try,
 And stretch distinction's nicest eye.
 With observation, faithful guide
 Who casts each prejudice aside,
 And where she fails, through every age
 Consults with toil the learned page ;
 While from the toil a pleasure flows,
 Which well the conscious bosom knows.

Nor did I fly e'er sickness came,
 From this, the nobler path of fame.

But

But strove with all my skill and might
To tread the steep and slippery height,
Or, as my native powers allow'd,
At least to ascend above the croud.

Farewell then to retirement's cell !
To every Muse a long farewell !
But not to love—No Thespia, still
That cordial balm our cup shall fill ;
That cordial balm, which shed around
Can heal each accidental wound :—
Which still the lamp of action feeds,
And prompts the mind to arduous deeds.
Let that be our's ; let that inspire
The mute, and else unheeded lyre,
That be a theme to last till death,
And quiver on our latest breath.
That must be our's ; and when the waves
And threatening floods my vessel braves,

Should tempests raise them to the sky,
 Oh! lift it's sacred beacon high!
 Which, when it's friendly rays appear,
 Shall dissipate each anxious fear:
 And hope revived think labour sport,
 Till resolution gains the port.

XXXVI.

ON the last twentieth of December
 I vow'd, as you perhaps remember
 No more to sound the Muses' shell,
 And bade to all the strains farewell,
 This holiday alone excepted,
 And from the general ban protected.
 While firmly my resolves to bind,
 And keep me in the self-same mind,
 Three tyrants have combined their force,
 Sworn enemies to fancy's course.

Business,

Business, with stern and solemn air,
 Now plodding studious in his chair,
 Now cane in hand the city pacing,
 Now thro the neighbouring country racing,
 Intent to mark each latent ill,
 Prescribing bolus, draught or pill,
 As points success, so sinking, rising,
 Or with the wretched sympathising.
Business and poetry (no wonder)
 Must dwell at least a league asunder.

Next, *Time*, which sways all human things,
 And to an end their progress brings,
 Who bids the trifler's whims be o'er,
 The charms of beauty charm no more,
 Who, as we in the picture see,
 Holds little Cupid on his knee;
 Nor tho he weeps, his victim spares,
 But trims his pinions with his sneers,
 Advances on with frosty pace,
 And shakes his hour-glass in my face.

As

As if they play'd a losing game,
 To aid them, lately *Fever* came,
 Destructive both of love and wit,
 She sprung from Acheron's dark pit,
 Prepared to strike a fatal blow,
 And drag me to the shades below :
 Deep thro my veins her poison roll'd,
 This beating heart was well-nigh cold.
 Nor had the invidious monster fail'd,
 But you my *Thespia* still prevail'd.
 The shield of wedded faith you brought,
 And many a shaft thereon was caught.
 By day, by night you took your stand,
 The sacred nectar in your hand,
 With antidotes to *Hermes* due,
 By him imported from *Peru*.
 Nor less with sighs and gentle prayer
 You soothed the fiend's barbaric ear,
 Till vanquish'd she at length retired,
 Health beam'd anew, and I respired.

But

But ere she fled, from out my brain
 She chaced imagination's train,
 Each crink and cranny rummaged out,
 And fairly put them to the rout.
 Nor an idea left behind
 To feed the enthusiastic mind:
 Nothing of high poetic folly,
 But grave and holy melancholy,
 And prudence, man's most sure defence,
 And reason fixt, and common sense,
 By genius stiled a stupid set,
 But which without demur or let
 Perform the offices of life,
 Can serve a friend, or praise a wife,
 And, tho without a song, can prove
 Stedfast in amity and love.

These are the powers I now revere,
 And only quit them once a year,

A rhyme

A rhyme or twain for you to spin
 Among your friends to figure in.
 Once they were form'd, tho somewhat rough,
 Of good, substantial, thick-wove stuff,
 But now, for fashion rules the roast,
 No solid texture can they boast :
 In the last Gallic colour died,
 And flimzy as the drefs of pride :
 But take them, wear them as you may,
 Such as they are, they'll last a day.

XXXVII.

ILL fares the Muse when sad affliction reigns,
 Mute is her voice, or nerveless are her strains,
 E'en love itself can then but faintly glow,
 It's rays scarce pierce the thicken'd clouds of woe :
 Of filial woe, which strives in vain to save
 A much-loved Parent bending o'er the grave.

To whom are due whate'er this frame can boast,
 Each warm emotion, justly valued most,
 By her infused, expanded, and refined,
 The energetic thought, and sympathizing mind.

Affliction reigns; and business adds his frown,
 And care which shakes the blooms of genius down;
 And time's harsh blast, which withers ^{as} he moves }
 The aspiring passions, and the fragrant groves
 Where sported in their prime the enthusiast loves. }

Yet Thespia, what remains, what neither care
 Nor business from it's lasting seat can tear,
 What potent grief, what age can ne'er untwine,
 The friendship of a breast sincere is thine.

XXXVIII.

IN days of yore, in classic days,
 Which every school-boy knows to praise,
 Which puppies oft affect to flout,
 Whose worth no pedant e'er will doubt,
 Which e'en the sage, intent on truth,
 From strong ideas form'd in youth,
 Can never totally neglect,
 Or think of but with some respect:
 In those same days of ancient date,
 Such were the partial laws of fate,
 An easy trade the Bard possess'd,
 And fix'd cheap laurels on his crest;
 For birth-day ode, or nuptial metre,
 For pastoral sweet, or love-song sweeter.
 The ingredients aptly cut and dried
 Were by the reigning taste supplied,
 And poems, finish'd on a sudden,
 Rose plump and round, like hufwife's pudding.

Whate'er

Whate'er the theme, or wild, or steady,
 The golden legend aye was ready.
 Some God bestrid each hill and mountain,
 Some Naiad bathed in every fountain,
 Satyrs and Fauns each wood could boast,
 And Nereids danced on every coast.
 The jews-harp or the lyre had power
 To raise up walls, or build a tower.
 Dolphins and pards had ears for melody,
 Rocks could applaud, or trees cry—well a day!

His charmer who could fail to embellish,
 What charmer fail the verse to relish,
 When now majestic Juno came,
 Now Semele array'd in flame,
 Struck his warm noddle, seized upon it,
 And shaped his epigram, or sonnet?
 When Venus, and her car, and doves,
 And Cupid, and the little Loves
 Popp'd ever in at time of need,
 And form'd a portion of his creed?

When

When Delia's lips, or cheeks to paint,
 Should flattery, and his verse be faint,
 The bloom of Hebe still was near,
 Bloom, not a pin the worse for wear.
 If chaste, and cruel, Dian she,
 If wanton, blithe Euphrosyne.
 If brown, the colour was divine,
 A gentler shade of Proserpine.
 If not a chicken, Ops, or Tethys
 She shone; so blind a buzzard Faith is.
 Was she a stroller? so roved Iö.
 An opera-girl? so quaver'd Clio.
 O nymphs! swains! songs! how passing fine-a,
 When every midwife was Lucina!
 Floras, the sisterhood *proterva*,
 And every tambour-wench—Minerva!

No wonder poetry ran riot,
 That the Bard's hum-strum ne'er was quiet,
 Or his gay lute for-ever strung;
 Then Sapphos, and Anacreons sung,

And

And by such imagery inspired,
 The scribbling race was never tired.
 Hence Ovid spun his cobweb strain,
 Hence flow'd Tibullus' tender vein,
 Propertius hence, to mix was able
 One third of nature, two of fable.
 And had they lived, the whole fraternity
 Might thus have piped to all eternity.
 Such was the potent aid they found,
 Such help-mates thron'd the enchanted ground.

Oh ! what a change hath now ensued !
 How dull, inanimate, and rude !
 With us, no Fauns, or Satyrs dance,
 No Gods upon our hills advance.
 No Nereids on our coasts appear,
 But cockle-scrapers dabble there.
 Our cattle press the fountain brim,
 But not a Naiad moves a limb.
 Tho Handel's music may surprise,
 The devil a single barn will rise.

K

Our

Our rocks are fixt, our trees are local,
 And Mara cannot make them vocal.
 To adorn our mistress, we presume
 Haply to borrow Hebe's bloom ;
 But Venus, and her son squire Cupid
 Are either dead, or desperate stupid.
 Our Dians are no longer chaste,
 Nay, oft are tumid in the waiste.
 Euphrosyne is turn'd to stone,
 Or lives in Milton's verse alone.
 Flora and Ops, and Proserpine
 Are banisht with the Sisters Nine.
 While Pallas is removed as far
 As Saturn's ring, or Herschel's star.

What then, my Thespia, now remains ?
 Can you expect enthusiast strains ?
 That the poetic mill shall grind,
 When nought but husks are left behind ?
 That I should run a wild-goose chase,
 Deprived of every Love and Grace ?

When

When I may rave, and puff, and hollo,
And can't be answer'd by Apollo?

Take then the world as now it goes;
For truth is truth, in verse or prose.

While I this faithful hand might hold,
The radiant gem, or figured gold,
Should not the sacred grasp untwine,
Nor all the bullion of the mine.
Compared with thee, each Nymph and Goddess
Are mortal drabs, and fit for noddies.
Thy solid merits their's transcend;
So thinks the Husband and the Friend;
Who not a grain would give of thee,
Should e'en Olympus be the fee.

XXXIX.

DOES Thespia still expect to hear
Melodious numbers charm her ear?

Still owns my soul her gentle reign,
Nor shall the wish be breath'd in vain.
Tho the fleet year on ceaseless wing
Have borne away the sweets of spring,
Tho summer's riper glories fade,
Yet mild is autumn's balmy shade:
And fancy to her office true,
Can each idea past renew.
Bid early love his blossoms shed,
His virid chaplets bind our head;
His fuller graces round us pour
Th' ethereal warmth he felt before.
Minds aptly join'd fresh scenes create,
And change the partial laws of fate.
Not even winter's rushing storm
Their pleasing visions can deform,
Amid it's frosts shall roses bloom,
Internal brightness cheer it's gloom.

December 20, 1789.

A GAIN my Thespia must I sing,
Again the chiming couplets string?

And shall thy poet ne'er be free,

But ever tune the lyre to thee?

Reflect, that since my natal day,

Now, fifty suns have past away.

The old will swear with fiction's tongue

I only strive to ape the young:

That love is quite extinct, or fled,

And every soft sensation dead:

That nature pales her brighter fires,

And only frigid art inspires.

The young will titter at the sound,

The wink and nod will circle round:

Humour, himself will archly bless,

And wit cut jokes at my distress

Condemn'd to bring at thy command

Elyfian dreams from fairy land.

Yet spite of youth, and spite of age,

The frolic laugh, or censure sage,

Thy poet, dreading to be free,

Shall ever tune the lyre to thee.

Whether with eye acute, or blind,

Still own the beauties of thy mind.

Whether with memory fresh, or doating,

Look thro the husk, the outer coating,

And all thy former charms survey

Conspicuous as the bloom of May.

That goodness, which unchanged remains,

Which adds new fetters to the chains,

The chains which worn however long,

Are but more polish'd, not less strong.

XLI.

ON drear Siberia's frozen plains
 How faintly breathes the voice of love?
 From their numb'd source, the vital rills
 As if withheld by icy chains,
 In dull, and fullen progress move.
 The native's breast no warm emotion fills;
 No genial intercourse of mind,
 No rapturous ardours, or delights refined
 Unfold their plumes, and innocently gay
 Mid bowers, and fairy lawns, and sparkling fountains play.
 The affections die as soon as born,
 Or pierced with driving fleet, or overwhelm'd in snow,
 A sickly being drag along;
 Nor blush of orient morn
 Thy view, nor eve's purpureal glow,
 Nor sol's meridian radiance, calmly strong.

Dwells love beneath the burning line,
 Amid the savage bands

K 4

Which

Which roam o'er Ethiopia's sands ?

Ah, no ! He shrouds his form divine

Far from the passion's wild excess,

Intent a different race to bless.

The hurried mein of fierce desire,

The frenzied eye which rolls in fire,

Denote a fever's dreadful strife

Whose flame licks up the stream of life.

There quickly shrinks each female grace forlorn,

Slavery succeeds, and abject scorn :

Tho now by head-strong fury driven,

While apathy treads close behind,

And fruitless wishes empty as the wind,

'There, man himself is but the scorn of Heaven.

Not thus within the temperate zone,

Under soft skies, and fed by vernal dews,

Love smiles delighted, and around his throne

Binds flowers, whose thick-inwoven hues

Shine with perennial lustre. In the vales

Of Albion, all his airy people rove,

On

On her green hills, or in the peaceful grove,
 There tune the song, and whisper sweetest tales.
 But chiefly his Devonian owns his sway,
 Her habitants the mild controul obey :
 Beauty, whose breath, whose lips outvie the rose ;
 And constancy, whose eyes unceasing dart
 The beams which lighten from his heart ;
 And truth, who on her bosom fair
 While o'er him falls her mantling hair,
 Bids young and blushing hope repose.

If love relax his scepter'd hand,
 And quit his ensigns of command,
 Who shall the bounteous God upbraid,
 While still in Friendship's robes array'd,
 His homagers he ne'er deceives,
 Nor till the last pulse beats, their presence leaves.

XLII.

WHO the bright islands of the Atlantic main
 Hath ranged, and pluck'd the fruit of ruddy gold,
 Charming asleep the Dragon's watchful eye;
 In early youth, ah ! who hath join'd the train
 Of sports, and pleasures, on that happy mould,
 Where revels spring, and autumn smiling by
 Pours his luxuriant gifts around ;
 Who hath his brows with myrtle crown'd,
 And with the Loves and Graces danced,
 While the boon Patron of the vine
 And Nymphs the thyrsus who entwine
 Forth from their cluster-bearing haunts advanced ?

Ah ! who, such raptures wont to taste,
 Wreck'd on Afric's torrid waste,
 Compell'd the burning sands by day to tread,
 By night to pillow there his aching head,
 Or fiend-like shapes, and monsters grim to find,
 Disgustful to the sight, terrific to the mind ;

Tho

Tho years on years have o'er him roll'd,
 Tho resignation meek
 Should smoothe his listless cheek,
 And patience his toil-vanquish'd limbs enfold;
 Ah! who can e'er forget the scenes
 He once with extasy survey'd,
 The impurpled lawns, and living greens,
 And forms in beauty's radiant bloom array'd?

Who can with fond idea fail
 At intervals a transient glance to steal,
 If haply he the distant skirts may view,
 Where to the waves descends the horizon blue,
 Of those dear regions of delight,
 Where, waking from his dream, he knows
 Fate ne'er will grant him to repose
 On the soft banks with roses dight?
 Who can upbraid him, if he longs
 Once more to catch the warbled songs
 Of harmony divinely sweet,

Which

Which whilom in that blifsful clime,
 Ere fled irrevocable time,
 From Fancy's liquid voice he ufed to meet?
 Ah! who can blame him, hopelefs where he ftrays,
 Should he attempt with frantic lays
 A femblance of the heavenly founds
 Erft wafted o'er thofe magic grounds,
 Till the laft ftrains of his once tuneful breath
 Enfeebled are by age, or choak'd by tyrant Death?

S O N N E T S,

PRESENTED WITH

THE FIRST IMPRESSION

O F

POEMS TO THESPIA.

M,DCC,LXXXI.

S O N N E T S.

I.

To Dr. GLASS.

GLASS, who thy proper dignity of soul
Consulting, independently hast run
The race of reason; scorning the controul
Of vulgar prejudice, nor ever won
To humour fools; rejecting little arts,
Which often subjugate inferior hearts :
Having to learning, long experience-join'd,
From dry antiquity's obscurer store
The brighter portion cull'd, and well refined
The mass confus'd with all of modern lore;
Adapting physic to the truest scale
Which human nature can ! what curious tale
Shall I devise, for sending rhimes to thee?—
And yet, not sent, would my own mind be free?

II. To

II.

To Mr. PITFIELD.

PITFIELD, who on a length of years well-spent
 Contemplative, or active, canst reflect
 With secret pleasure ; ever duly bent
 With choicest care, and happiest, to select
 Thy books, amusements, friends, a liberal plan
 Hath aye been thine, a course exalting man.
 Yet, the soft passion unindulged, might give
 A doubt, if strains like these could touch ^{thine} the ear,
 Had not, (or errs the muse?) a virtue warm
 Guarding thy heart, forbid it's entrance there,
 Fraternal love.—Had not thy breast alive
 To pity, alway felt it's influence kind,
 Still true to generous friendships' nice alarm,
 And with wide scope embracing all mankind.

III. To

III.

To Mr. P A T C H.

A MID the constant hurry of his time,
 Devoted ever to the public good,
 Shall I to *Patch* transmit the love-taught rhyme?
 On his retirement shall the muse intrude?
 The soul of vigorous, manly sense possess,
 Shall (tho refined) these light productions please?
 Sprung haply from the weak, ^{but} ~~the~~ feeling breast?
 Trifling, tho deck'd perchance with grace and ease?
 Yet round the oak the pliant ivy twines,
 His stately trunk not unadorn'd appears;
 The lofty elm supports the tendrill'd vines,
 Nor less admir'd his branching top he rears.
 So mental intellect, however strong,
 May, undebas'd, approve the tender song.

IV. To

IV.

To Mr. GIBBS.

MUCH-valued *Gibbs!* whom (tho thou didst not
pay

Devotion to the muse) in early youth

The same sensations which create my lay

Haply inspired; which still approved by truth,

By virtue, nature, thy maturer breast

Adorn, where every thought humane is placed,

But in friend, husband, father, most confess.

With thy attention shall these lines be graced

Wilt thou the paths of youth and love retread,

While their delightful scenes again appear,

Thou, and the softer partner of thy bed?

And surely never purer steps were there.

Yes, tread again their paths, their scenes review:

And from yourselves, pronounce them painted true.

V.

To Mr. CODRINGTON.

O CODRINGTON, to whom the impassion'd lyre
 Was never strung in vain! whose faithful soul,
 And correspondent passions take the alarm;
 Whom pity melts, whom love and transport warm,
 Who wishest not the ideas to controul
 Which it's celestial notes can well inspire.
 Whom the same amiable emotions give
 (Tho doom'd ingratitude and vice to find)
 Promoting every social good to live;
 Who (though unmeriting) still view'st mankind
 With fond affection's eye: strains such as these
 From thee are sure of welcome; strains where youth
 Yet uncorrupted, all it's soul displays,
 And suffering love, and firm unshaken truth.

VI. To

TO LORD VISCOUNT COURTENAY.

COURTENAY! whom e'n in these degenerate
days

The Country charms; viewing with fixt delight
The varied landscape stretcht before thy sight,
And fond of rural pleasures merit'st praise
To build, to plant, to feed the numerous race
Of poor be thine! Or in thy castled dome
Survey each filial and maternal grace,
While courts might envy thy more tranquil home.
Let not this ruin'd nation cast a cloud
O'er the serene ideas of thy mind.
Such is the will of Heaven, when great and proud
In wild excess, all empires have declined.
The joys still thine, let not thy soul refuse.
And lo! the tribute of the grateful muse!

VII.

To the DEAN of EXETER

MILLS! who with equal honour to the voice
 Of those who call'd thee to the learned chair,
 And of thyself, art seated by their choice,
 Studious to make antiquity thy care.
 Yet not it's wilds alone engross thy mind,
 Thee polish'd life, and thee the polish'd strain,
 Delights; the treasure of the muses' reign,
 When they in Greece or antient Rome reclined
 Beneath the laurel shade, and tuned their lyre.
 Simplicity was their's, who ever sings
 What her heart dictates, with unlabour'd fire,
 While nature smiling waves her kindred wings,
 This modern lay thy candid soul shall bear,
 Well-pleased to trace a faint resemblance here.

TO CHANCELLOR QUICKE.

CRITICS have long pronounced our rugged clime,
 For the more tender notes of love, unfit;
 The nervous is allowed us, the sublime,
 Humour unrivall'd, and quick-pointed wit.
 Hence hath the Muse of Elegy repined,
 Nor dared pursue the emotions of her mind.
 Say, *Quicke*, if reason this opinion frame?
 But while so partial I have ever found
 Thy voice to me, so undispos'd to blame,
 Thy verdict would perhaps be deem'd unsound.
 Yet, who shall judge, if not the few whose life
 Hath been untainted by corruption's train?
 Removed from dissipation, folly, strife,
 The guilty great, and luxury's odious reign?

IX.

TO ARCHDEACON SLEECH.

SLEECH, to the generous voice of friendship, true!
 Nor, tho declining in the vale of age,
 Coldly-neglectful of the muses' page,
 These traces read; which, not in classic lore
 Unvers'd, in early youth I fondly drew;
 Nor yet in riper manhood uninspired,
 While I the daughter of thy friend admired,
 And as I more have known, have valued more.
 Yes, to thy partial soul I will avow,
 That when soft-blushing in her bridal dress,
 No truer pleasure in my bosom rose,
 Than what with ardour I experience now.
 So much can virtue charm, and mildness bless,
 So, nurs'd by time, sincere affection grows.

X. To

X.

To JAMES WHITE, Esq,

WHEN Luxury hath pass'd it's narrower bounds,
 And salutary limits, changed we find
 The character, and the collective mind
 Of states, while ignorance with vice abounds.
 Hence, to the distant provinces, retires
 From the vile capital, insulted taste;
 There real poetry ne'er lights it's fires,
 Or genius fashion-tutor'd runs to waste,
 Profit it's only aim, or short-lived fame.
 The distant provinces, where nature still
 Resides, where virtue for protection flies,
 Cherish the muse; the bard there takes his quill,
 And writes to judgment's unpolluted eyes;
 Amid whose sons, *White!* she inserts thy name.

XI.

To Mr. JACKSON,

JACKSON! whose taste from nature's fountain springs,
 Whence thy own stream of harmony proceeds;
 Steering aloof, on firm and vigorous wings,
 From vulgar sentiments, and vulgar deeds,
 Offspring of prejudice; whose voice tho taught
 By seeming critic wisdom, and around
 Re-echoed by the multitude, thy thought
 Warps not, despising each unhallow'd sound.
 To thee these strains I send, unmoved by fear;
 For by the same pure waves I too have stray'd
 (Unless deceived) their notes have pierced my ear;
 While on their banks young love with fancy play'd,
 And all those forms which charm the feeling heart,
 But seen thro clouds, and wooed in vain by art.

XII. To

XII.

To J. B. CHOLWICH, Esq.

THOU lovest the muse ; and mid her circle small
 Of friends, thy soul her mutual friendship shares.
 Not, *Cholwich*, vested in her tragic pall,
 As when she bade the sympathetic tears
 Start from thy melting eye ; or with the torch
 Of indignation, kindled in thy breast
 The generous flame of warm resentful ire,
 She comes. Less gorgeous now, more simply drest,
 And taught by love, within his temple's porch
 These notes she breathed, responsive to his lyre ;
 Notes to her partial votary justly dear,
 Nor, form'd for ease, and sweet domestic life.
 Too spirited to cringe, for public strife
 Too virtuous, shall they fail to engage thy ear.

XIII. To

XIII.

To Mr. J. SPURWAY.

SPURWAY, whose early virtues caught my mind,
 Where Isis thro her classic region strays;
 By native warmth to generous deeds inclined,
 With delicacy fraught, with honour's rays
 Adorn'd; a favourite of the blue-eyed maid;
 To whom the muses ne'er refused their aid
 Duly invoked.—Oh! since supremely tried
 In undeserved affliction's rugged ways!
 Till thy benignant star propitious shined,
 And mild philosophy his balm applied
 Healing each wound corrosive. To thy hand
 These elegiac lays I justly send,
 For thou from me such tribute mightst demand,
 Who know thy liberal heart, and stile thee friend.

XIV. To

XIV.

To Mr. J. CHURCHILL.

CHURCHILL, long fix'd my friend, whose partial eye

First saw my infant muse attempt to fly

On Latian wing; or on the plumes she gain'd

From her own native language; to the sight

How dull those plumes! Tho she essaying strain'd

Her every nerve, how low her utmost height!

Not that she here attempts to soar sublime.

Yet may it entertain thy mind, to trace

Colours more varied, with more truth display'd,

Nature improved by judgment's happier grace,

Love, in the vest of purer taste array'd.

Nor is the muse of elegy so mean

As not to claim a portion of the time,

Nor hath thy friend debas'd her tender strain.

XV. To

XV.

To Mrs. DOWNMAN.

DEAR to my heart ! from whom my being came !
 To whose assiduous zeal, and watchful mind,
 The preservation of life's new-born flame
 I owe. Who well deservest my grateful praise
 For more exalted gifts ; the step of youth
 Guiding to moral virtue, to the ways
 Of justice, mercy, honour, candour, truth.
 To whom is due (by thee at first inclined)
 Whatever elevates thy son above
 Earth's creeping race, the soul-enchanting fire
 Of poetry, the unlimited desire
 Of fame, integrity, and constant love ;
 Whether they mildly beam, or strongly shine,
 (Taught by thy precepts) all his strains are thine.

XVI. To

TO ARCHDEACON MOORE.

IS there, whom verbal knowledge may suffice
 To read, but profit not by antient lore?
 Studiously dull? A scholar, but unwise?
 Whose judgment cannot separate the dross
 From the pure ore? Of mind, and manners gross,
 Illiberal, pert, o'erbearing, boastful, vain?
 Such art not thou; far from thy presence *Moore*,
 Let pedantry retire, and fix her reign:
 Her sons, and wisdom's offspring ill agree.
 Thy bosom, Learning with politeness join'd
 Illumes; the graces of humanity:
 Converse with books, and converse with mankind;
 No labouring theorist, in practice wrong,
 Friend to the ingenuous arts, and chasten'd song.

XVII.

TO LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIMCOE.

SIMCOE, howe'er in weak illiberal days
 Merit may toil in vain, and valour bleed,
 Denied by prejudice their well-earn'd meed;
 Yet, mindful of her office high of yore,
 The Muse her virid garland shall prepare
 And gird the intwisted foliage round their hair:
 Tune with sincerest voice her notes of praise,
 Bid glory open her refulgent store,
 While truth and virtue sanctify her lays,
 Read, and approved till time shall be no more.
 Thy gallant acts, and each intrepid deed
 Tis her's to adorn. Nor thou, each softer air
 Refuse; the strains which she to love could yield,
 While thou wert harrafs'd in the strife-ful field.

XVIII. To

To Mr. BENT.

BENT, with whom hand in hand, I trod the way
 Which to Minerva's pillar'd temple led,
 When boyish fancy ruled, wild, airy, gay,
 E'er taste, or judgment, on my mind had shed
 Their liberal gifts, e'er love itself was known.
 With whom by Isis' stream, her shores along,
 I roved, attentive to the muses' song,
 With riper soul. Whom, when to manhood grown
 The links of union to my bosom chain'd,
 Tho now intruding sickness hath restrain'd
 Our pleasing intercourse; this page receive.
 We walk'd with science thro her fragrant bowers;
 Now mid this garland of poetic flowers,
 The branch of lasting friendship let me weave.

XIX.

To Mrs. ANDREW.

WITH complimentary, or with friendly strains,
Shall I these notes of love to others give?

And thee forget, from whom my *Thespia* sprung,

Haply the guardian power by which I live?

No gentle Dame, thou shalt not be unsung

By him, whose soul is formed of grateful kind.

Not for thy noble ancestry, whose stem

Is graced with royal or imperial name;

But for thy own superior qualities.

Goodness of heart, which kings and courts might shame,

Meekness, simplicity no art which tries,

Reservedness, modesty the female gem,

Conjugal love, which faithless thought disdains,

While all devolved, I in thy daughter find.

XX. To

To Mr. H O L E.

HOLE, in whose youthful mind the seeds were sown
Of poesy, which duly taking root,
Have, (though in times base and unworthy) grown,
Flourish'd and borne no indecorous fruit.
These elegiac lays thy eyes shall scan,
Nor with fastidious glance. The tender breast
And all the soft propensities of man
Are thine. Tho most heroic numbers charm,
By thee, my friend, is every muse carest;
Thy fancy their delightful visions warm;
Thine are the rural haunts, and solitude
Which fosters still enthusiastic thought,
Retirement which admits not folly rude,
And scenes by love and virtue ever sought.

XXI.

To Mr. WOOD.

WOOD, who when first my muse essay'd her flight,
 And on chaste plume, thro the polluted air
 Winnow'd her way; in calumny's despite,
 And the vile manners of a carping age
 Wert not afraid thy judgment to declare,
 And praise in classic notes, my tuneful page!
 This suited well the freedom of thy soul,
 Which, when convinced, from truth's attractive shrine
 No force can turn; despising base controul,
 Soaring above a sphere, unjustly thine.
 View still, unprejudiced, the tender lay!
 Which, hid from the wild scenes of noise and folly,
 I as a tribute, only mean to pay
 To love, to purged taste, and friendship holy.

XXII. To

XXII.

To E. D R E W E, Esq.

PLUMED with authority, tho malice strove
 To stop thy ardour in it's bold career,
 Nor saw, well-pleased, it's rancorous efforts fail;
 Yet *Drewe!* while fame her laurels spreads above
 Thy candid brow, while honour drops a tear,
 While sighs of sympathy from valour steal;
 While nobly-conscious on the ensanguined ground
 Memory reflects; while every honest wound
 And e'en thy sovereign's words, a solace prove,
 Detraction quell, and falsehood's arts confound:
 Unblushing mingle with the peaceful train!
 Love, friendship, flourish far from crimson strife,
 The polish'd virtues, the best joys of life,
 The harmonious muse, and sweetly flowing strain.

XXIII.

To Mrs. I L B E R T.

THINE *Ilbert!* is the warmly-feeling heart,
 Whence springs the gentle sympathising sigh,
 The ingenuous blush unknown to fraudulent art,
 And tear which glitters in the expressive eye.
 Thou wilt require no comment to the strains,
 In which (yet not ungraceful) nature reigns.
 Connubial happiness was likewise thine;
 Ah! why did fate the bond of union tear?
 More strongly round thy children therefore twine
 Thy arms, and centre every feeling there.
 Thee conscious honour guides, pure, virtuous love;
 See where each dutious son, each daughter bends!
 Who to the kind maternal soul will prove
 The truest confidants, the steadiest friends.

XXIV. To

XXIV.

To Mr. A N D R E W.

CONNUBIAL love with mutual ardour blest,
 It's beauteous progeny disporting round;
 An income, which life's real comforts yields;
 A decent mansion; small, but verdant fields;
 Friendship; and social mirth by temperance crown'd;
 True practic piety, in priests, the best;
 Heart-warming gratitude, which ne'er repays
 A patron's gifts with base or fawning praise;
 A patron who such meanness would detest
 Adding to relative, the name of friend.
 Thus circumstanced, *my Brother!* with content,
 With thankfulness for every bounty sent,
 The muse to scenes like these shall often tend,
 Scenes, where with joy her footstep ever strays.

To J. RICHARDS, Esq.

STILL lasts this odious war; time swiftly flies;
 We idly waste our treasure and our blood;
 New dangers threaten; foes on foes arise:
 While dissipation, like a torrent flood,
 Swells o'er it's banks, and covers all the land.
 How few the Wise! How small the Patriot Band!
 Our boasted constitution is no more;
 Corruption reigns with arbitrary sway;
 Yet still *our* footsteps loiter as before,
 And murmuring at our slavery, here we stay.
 Nor thou for Switzerland preparest thy flight,
 Nor have I strove America to gain;
 Contented thou, in words with knaves to fight,
 And I to frame the soft and tender strain.

XXVI.

To Miss E. WALKER.

ACCCEPT these strains inspired by love sincere;
 Strains, which thy real Friends conjointly give,
 Who ever shall esteem thy welfare dear;
 And with them thanks, to kindness due, receive!
 For when black clouds obscured my Thespia's sight,
 And envious hid the cheerful beams of Heaven;
 When from each darling object well-nigh riven,
 Methought I saw the dreary realms of night,
 Death's meager form, the joyless house of clay;
 Then didst thou strive to render grief more light,
 And the perplexing burthen take away
 Of every care domestic.—In thy breast
 Still be the warmer sentiments carest,
 Which (though unthank'd) can well themselves repay.

XXVII.

To Mr. STACEY.

STACEY! with whom, while through it's chan-
nels flow'd

The purple tide of youth in swift career,
While health on every object round bestow'd
Those charms, which languid else, and blank appear;
With whom the hours by social converse gay
Urged on, have forward past with rapid flight,
Till unexpected came eve's milder ray,
And the star rose, clear harbinger of night:
While wit, and frolic humour, pun, or jest,
Tied mirth and laughter to the festive board:
With old wine crown'd, cull'd from the choicest hoard.
Though I no more perhaps may be thy guest,
Thou mine, (so inauspicious health ordains)
With hospitable smile receive my strains!

XXVIII. To

XXVIII.

To Mr. D. WILLIAMS.

WILLIAMS, thou seest true poetry destroy'd,
 The weak mind caught by novelties instead;
 Fame, for a day, by plagiarists enjoy'd,
 Who scruple not from the full veins to bleed
 Our lusty antients; envy with keen eyes
 Watchful by timely ridicule to cast
 A blot on genius, while the town denies
 (Too indolent to judge) his claim to praise;
 The Muses of the Drama, shackled fast
 In lucre's bonds, or by the vain self-love
 Of wretched managers, forbid the bays;
 While they, and shallow farce-wrights only, prove
 How poor, how basely frivolous the times,
 In which I print, but publish not my rhimes.

XXIX.

To Mr. SYMONDS.

IRKSOME the employ, nor to be wisht his fate,
 Who taking unfledged childhood by the hand,
 Must lead with ceaseless care the mingled band
 Docile or stupid, meek or obstinate,
 Thro grammar's barren road to classic ground,
 Care oft neglected, not consider'd right,
 For seldom is the grateful pupil found.
 Viewing thy toil in it's deserved light,
 My old preceptor I at length repay
 With the best gift I can, the Muses' lay,
 By him first guided toward their prizeless store,
 And let me, *Symonds*, thee congratulate,
 Now teaching only truth's celestial lore,
 And blest with a calm evening of thy day.

XXX. To

XXX.

To Mr. S. CODRINGTON.

THY voice is surely nature's; for thy mind
 Unhackney'd in the fordid paths of men,
 Must from it's genuine feelings prompt thy pen,
 Which with the warmth of youth imparting praise
 Haply beyond what stricter justice might,
 Yet from no selfish motive traced the lays
 Which, (nor would I conceal it) charm my sight,
 And sweetest flattery bring, though undesign'd.
 Yes, *Offspring of my Friend!* these strains of thine
 Unforced, and unaffected, strike my heart
 With truer pleasure, than where dazzling shine
 More glaring tints, the colourings of art.
 These notes receive, due to taste pure and free,
 To the sincere, the virtuous—due to thee.

XXXI. To

XXXI.

To J. P. TAYLOR, Esq.

TAYLOR, whose merits I have known, and prize!
 Who fostering qualities of noble kind,
 Which from the nicest sense of honour rise,
 With which the graces deck the chosen mind:
 Hast cherish'd youthful learning's classic store,
 (Too often from the foldier's precincts chased)
 Imagination's ever-pleasing lore
 Soothing each anxious thought, and liberal taste,
 And virtuous love whose pure ideal train
 Still shielded thee from folly light and vain!
 Accept this page; and to thy *Charlotte's* ear
 Reading the impassion'd numbers, tell the maid
 My *Thespia* no fictitious dress array'd;
 Their's sister souls, *my* verse, like *thine*, sincere.

XXXII. To

XXXII.

To Mr. BLACKALL.

NOT having struck, for me, the lyre in vain,
 Go Muse, where'er the powers of health reside,
 Whether by fountain brim, on hill, or plain,
 In forest wild, or by the roaring tide
 Of the salt deep! tune each pathetic string,
 Let them with sweetest energy resound!
 The prayer of conjugal affection bring!
 Shew all her tender progeny around,
 And take from them notes which might pierce the ear
 Of the grim lions, or the rugged bear,
 Nay even senseless things, to pity sway!
 Lead on the genial powers! and bid them shed
 Nature's all-healing balm on *Blackall's* head;
 Else, how with smiles shall he approve thy lay!

COMPLIMENTARY

COMPLIMENTARY VERSES

T O

THE AUTHOR.

S O N N E T.

WHATE'ER the buildings I have rais'd to fame,
 And whether long or short their future date,
 Amid the effusions of a purer flame
 This niche to vanity I consecrate.
 Accept these offerings Goddess!—Who in arms
 Of boasted proof so strongly girt can stand,
 As not to fall beneath thy magic charms,
 Alluring graces, and enchanting wand?
 Who can resist the flattering notes of praise
 When she her voice in elegance arrays,
 And calls on friendship to attest it's truth?
 Nor do I blush to yield; with pride endue
 My soul; and set the applauses of the Few
 'Gainst scorn, and blame, and envy's canker'd tooth.

To

To THE AUTHOR,

On the first PUBLICATION of his POEMS.

HAIL happy Britain! Land of Liberty!
Land of the Muses also now I find,
For surely *Downman* they reside with thee,
So rich thy fancy, and so pure thy mind.

Methought I saw them mounted on the wing,
And threatening to withdraw their wonted smile,
Prepared they seem'd in distant climes to sing,
No more on Albion's undeserving Isle.

I saw, and mourn'd, for I revered their power,
And what is life without their heavenly lays?
Who mid it's thorns shall raise the balmy flower?
Who sprinkle dew-drops o'er it's barren ways?

But

But thou, my *Downman*—how I call'd thee mine
I wist not, yet forgive the friendly zeal,
Unskill'd my heart in fraudulent design,
What nature prompts, I know not to conceal.

And why suspicion when no danger's near?
From thee who dreads the haughty, cold disdain?
Can scornful pride (unreasonable fear)
Sully a breast, so gentle, so humane?

As the fond Parent, when some foreign shore
Calls from her arms her son, her sole delight,
With aching heart hears the mad ocean roar,
And thousand anxious thoughts her mind affright.

Thus, when thy Muse, yet tender, yet unknown,
Thro the wide world thou wert resolved to send,
Say, when thou found'st her from thy bosom flown,
Did not like anxious thoughts that bosom rend?

Fain would I help thee to dispell those fears,
Nor aught of friendship's healing balm deny,
Fain would reduce the phantom that appears
Hideous, gigantic, to the timorous eye.

Curst be Ill-nature, eager to devour
Young Genius! Curst be envy, venom'd brute!
Which crops the beauties of the rising flower,
Or blasts it, ere it ripens into fruit.

These be thine enemies: to such as these
Thy tender song affords delicious food,
Expect their hate, and be content to please
None but the elegant, polite, and good.

In full possession of thy fair one's charms,
When all the world shall call thee happy youth,
When *Thespia*, lovely *Thespia*'s willing arms
Soon shall reward thy constancy and truth;

Leave

Leave then thy amorous elegiac lays,
Smooth as the gliding movement of the Dove,
Thy flight to Heaven on bolder pinions raise,
And nobly emulate the bird of Jove.

To celebrate the wise, the truly great,
In lyric, or in epic strain be thine,
Draw modest worth from it's obscure retreat,
And with due lustre make it's virtues shine.

Or if the cause demands to arm thy pen,
Dare to chastise the loose abandon'd race,
"Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men,"
And make each Cynthio tremble to be base.

This thy employ.—I, whose aspiring mind
Life's toil restrains, and damps poetic fire,
Pleased will behold thee ; and far, far behind,
Will learn at humble distance to admire.

Tiverton, July 25, 1768.

T. WOOD.

A N E P I S T L E.

To the Same.

WRITE says *Melissa*, fie my Dear,
 You know the expected time is near;
 And unimproved to let it pass
 Would surely ask a front of brass.
 Good Heaven! this subject why renew?
 Reflect on what I have in view.
 Sunday you know, is just at hand,
 Not many hours I can command,
 Yet I my talents must display,
 And preach at *Ratho* all the day.
 Fancy besides no longer paints
 Her fairy scenes; e'en nature faints.
 How shall to verse my spirits rise,
 Inured of late to sermonize?

From jaded thought, and barren brain
 These arguments I urge in vain,

For

For let me say whate'er I will,
Melissa importunes me still.

True, Fancy is not in our power,
 Unless we catch the lucid hour.

But Friendship's bright and holy flame
 In feeling souls is still the same.

If in your heart her ardours glow,
 Spontaneous will your verses flow ;

Each brilliant thought they will suggest,
 And animate the languid breast.

Yet e'en if this resource should fail,
 Nor o'er your lethargy prevail,

At least your kind intention shew,
 And pay the thanks you justly owe.

Oh ! could my grateful spirit soar
 High as the Theban swan of yore,
 Whose lay thro' earth's remotest bounds,
 And Heaven's extensive arch resounds,

When fired some victor to proclaim
 At Isthmian or Olympic game.
 Then should my faithful numbers tell
 What transports in my bosom swell,
 My soul what keen emotions thrill,
 My eyes what tepid currents fill,
 With virtue's triumph, nature's smart,
 While *Belisarius* tears my heart.
 With such heroic souls in view,
 Tho malice and design pursue,
 We scarce can wish to suffer less,
 But envy the sublime distress.

Oh ! had the godlike man foreseen
 That he with laurels ever green
 Should in duration's endless round
 By Genius such as thine be crown'd,
 On hope above their malice borne,
 He might have laugh'd his foes to scorn,

And

And felt a triumph o'er despair,
Which martyrs might exult to share.

Be these degenerate days accurst,
In vice's calendar the worst,
When Managers, Taste's plague and vermin,
The fate of Genius must determine.
Yet execrations Muse forbear,
Their own dark courses let them steer;
Should wrath it's magazines explore,
Not Heaven itself can curse them more.

Chill'd with the view, compassion sighs;
To gayer subjects fancy flies.
Tho' callous long to vulgar praise,
Thy late epistle she surveys,
Which since received, she oft hath found
A sovereign balm for every wound.
The mystic secret, oh! impart,
Inform me by what potent art,

To give thy bright conceptions birth,
 Thou call'st the powers of wit and mirth.
 Where couldst thou find the skill to please
 At once with dignity and ease?
 While in thy magic circle bound
 The enchanted graces smile around,
 And placid from her awful throne
 Wisdom asserts the smile her own.

Oh! could the Muses' palfrey bear
 My corpulence thro fields of air,
 How would I skim the fluid way
 Without cessation, or relay,
 Nor in it's bowers refreshment taste,
 Till thee and *Thespia* I embraced!
 Yet then with disappointed pride
 From morn to evening should I chide.
 For shame, my happy Friend! for shame!
 For thee alone shall Genius flame?

Whate'er

Whate'er adorns the good and wife
 Would'st Thou alone monopolize
 Wit's power alone would'st Thou assume?
 For thee alone shall laurels bloom?
 Nor We inferior witlings share
 One sprig to keep Us from despair?

But by the keen impulse of song,
 And keener friendship urged along,
 Intent my feelings to express,
 My lays forget whom they address.
 The man by whom each worth is known,
 And praised each merit, but his own.

At length the fit of passion o'er,
 When envy could upbraid no more,
 My soul would *Thespia's* charms admire,
 And of your health and hers enquire.
 Or with alternate pleasure tell
 That I had left *Melissa* well.

But

But this excursion to my vows
 No favouring destiny allows.
 Meantime tho these grofs elements
 Tho fate this interview prevents
 Letters more expedite can fly,
 And represent me to your eye.

You hinted once, but ah! 'tis plain
 The hope that hint inspired was vain,
 That you and *Thespia*, prospect dear!
 Might pay a friendly visit here.
 But tho the distance be remote,
 And that delightful hint forgot,
 Yet recollect the solemn way
 In which you end your former lay;
 There promises explicit given
 Are heard, and ratified in Heaven,
 That you would tell in future strains
 What of your conduct still remains.

In

In close Divan of late I saw
 Much Counsel learned in the law,
 These all declared it understood
 That promises in verse were good,
 And if completion should not follow,
 An action lay before Apollo.

Keep then that axiom still in view,
 An axiom pleasing as 'tis true,
 "That thus 'tis grateful to unbend
 And Egotisms delight a friend."

*Edinburgh,
 August 10, 1773.*

T. BLACKLOCK.

TO THE SAME.

TO Me, obscure amid the distant glade,
 Comes the rich donative of his sweet lay,
 Who warm'd by poesy's diviner ray,
 Yet stoops to praise a songstress of the shade.

Faint

Faint truly must her song resound and weak,
 The grateful strain when she would raise to thee :
 Yet take it from the maid who scorns to seek
 The flatterer's art to smooth her wood-notes free.
 And take the wish, that springing from the heart,
 For thee propitious Phœbus would implore,
 Who liberal thus bestows his tuneful store,
 To bid his beams reviving health impart ;
 That love connubial long may bless thy days,
 And weave his myrtles long amid thy growing bays.

1781.

A. M. BRADFORD.

HUGONI DOWNMAN, M. D.

NON tibi concessum est lætari corpore sano,
 Mente tamen poscat quis potiore frui ?
 Me juvat antiquis te fallere posse dolores
 Queis valeas studiis ; fallere perge precor.

1791.

GUL. PITFIELD.

To

TO THE SAME.

THY modest nature, *Downman*, will not scorn
 This small, poor offering from a friendly hand,
 Howe'er unfit that altar to adorn,
 Which Love and Genius raised at thy command.
 Yet while the sonnet flints my votive strains
 To spare the exertion of a feeble muse,
 Know, my big heart such narrow bounds disdains,
 And throbs it's fullness wider to diffuse.
 Could I, (alas! a rival but in woe)
 With health, possess the skill to match thy lay,
 Then would my zeal with genial ardour glow
 Thy merits, and my friendship to display:
 And surer still to charm, my song should be
 More full of lovely *Thespia* than of thee.

1781.

J. COLE.

 To

To THE SAME.

On receiving his POEMS to THESPIA with a SONNET
prefixed.

THE Merchant, who by dangerous ways
Cross burning sands, and raging seas,
Seeks goodly pearls, and Ophir's gold,
Thro' scanty patrimony bold,
Dear *Downman* never was so blest,
Nor felt his bosom half the zest
If some bright gem by fortune's whim
To princely wealth exalted him,
As I this morn, when by surprize
Your known initials met my eyes.

Thanks, my dear friend, from him receive,
Who grieved when you were known to grieve,
Who would with joy your welfare hear,
Ready in either cup to share.

Your

Your kind address, your potent strain
 Made me live o'er my life again.
 Now quick and light my spirits flow,
 My veins confess their pristine glow.
 Again we thread the sportive round,
 Or conn our tasks with murmuring sound,
 With awe behold our master's nod,
 And catch his smile, or dread his rod.
 Again are our's new-born delights,
 Unruffled days, oblivious nights,
 And frolic jest, and young desire,
 And emulation's active fire.

Now the Academic shades I view,
 With *Churchill* blest, and blest with you.
 To *Doidge* descends the friendly tear,
 His memory I afresh revere,
 Who happy found in early hour
 Life's transient pains and labours o'er.
 With you the path again I tread
 While science urged, and *Godwin* led.

Sweet

Sweet counsel we together took
 From nature's and from learning's book.
 Together studied varying man,
 And wisdom's more abstracted plan.

But then, alas! fate changed the scene,
 And accidents arose between,
 To turn aside the pleasing source
 Of our once frequent intercourse.
 While you beyond *Tweed's* pebbled bed
 With care the page of physic read,
 Mix'd antient lore with modern art,
 To stay pale death's oft-menaced dart;
 I, deèply sunk in rural sloth,
 To wonted exercises loath,
 Inactive from the world withdrew,
 And my friends lessen'd to my view.
 And while they seem'd by me forgot,
 I merited oblivion's blot.
 But by your *Thespia's* magic power
 Now raised from slumber's thick-wove bower,

I mount

I mount on Pegasean wing
Your undeserved regard to flog.

My Nymph too joins—nor deem the zone
Of nuptial worth is yours alone.
But should I wish to paint *my* flame,
Your lays I'll take, nor change the name,

In verse, or prose, of this be sure,
Still burns the fire of friendship pure,
Round you may every blessing spread !
Her kindly balm Hygeia shed !
And may your happy Thespia prove
Thro life's long day your constant love !

1781.

GEO. BENT.

O

To

TO THE SAME.

On reading POEMS to THESPIA.

DOWNMAN! whose strains the sacred Nine
inspire,

Whose native genius and inherent fire
Not sickness can depress,
Or sharpest anguish in it's dire excess.

While rising still superior over all,
Antæus like, more vigorous from his fall:
Thy limbs stern pain may bind,
But not enslave the free impassive mind.

Say, shall the muse's humblest votary raise
His voice to thee, whose soul thirsts not for praise,
But modestly withdraws
E'en from the breath of merited applause?

Yet

Yet though unpluck'd by me the laurel bough,
Tho not a leaf hath deck'd my youthful brow,
Haply with partial ear
The Father's Friend may heed the verse sincere.

For though unused to seek the fragrant bowers
Where fancy dwells mid never-fading flowers;
Can I in silence rest
When thy mellifluous numbers charm my breast?

Where chaste desire unveils his purple ray,
Where innocence and grace unfullied play,
As in the happiest clime
They marked the golden age's blameless time.

Then white-robed purity serenely smiled,
And Heavenly Venus, and her spotless child,
Nor wealth (our fordid shame)
Damp'd his bright ardour, and ethereal flame.

Yet

O 2

His

His radiant torch more lustrous graced his hand
When saffron-vested Hymen knit the band,
And constancy and truth
Cherish'd thro life the fires which beam'd in youth.

Thus, (tho in these degenerate days how rare !)
Hast thou beheld the Paphian boy appear,
Nor less his gifts he shed
On her, the gentle partner ^{of} thy bed.

Well knew'st thou when, the walk recluse and still,
When to prefer the fount, or gurgling rill,
The open sunny plain,
Or the dark Umbrage of the wood-land reign.

Well could thy taste discern the graces meek
Of sweet simplicity's unvarnished cheek,
And when adorn'd the least,
To thee her genuine beauties were increast.

Much

Much rather had'st thou, on the turf reclined,
Where the beech waved his branches to the wind,
Or the oak tower'd on high,
Attend the shepherd's native melody:

Or untaught voice, borne on the lingering gale
Of maid at eve returning thro the vale,
Or curfew sounding deep
Warning black night to climb the Eastern steep:

Than in the taper'd room to waste thy hours,
Where boastful art her tones profusely pours,
While nature thence removes,
Pleased with the murmuring brook, and choral groves.

With taste refined, and feelings just endow'd,
Well may'st thou view with careless glance the croud;
On the base world look down,
Nor heed it's treacherous smiles, or envious frown.

Oh! may Hygeia from her plumed wing
On thee once more her grateful odours fling!
Powerful new strength to impart,
And heal the wound of pain's corrosive dart!

So shall thy Thespia's eye with transport shine,
So shall each Friend the festive garland twine,
Indulge the genial rite,
And mark the day long-hoped with purest white.

SAMUEL CODRINGTON.

1781.

TO THE SAME.

ME, the rough steep of military fame
Striving with care-worn mind in vain to climb,
Long hath the Muse deserted; nor sublime
Nor blither strains her presence now proclaim.
Else *Downman*, long ere this, my grateful voice
Had met thy ear; not echoing general praise,

That

That thou pourtray'st what faithful lovers feel,
 Painting true passion in these nerveless days;
 Nor that thou teachest virtue to rejoice
 Amidst her sufferings for the common weal;
 But that returning health wooed to thy bower
 By wedded Love, bids Friendship bless the hour.

J. G. SIMCOE.

1787.

TO THE SAME.

RUDE tho my verse, and uninspired my lays,
 While each rough line the unpractised hand betrays,
 Tho no kind Muse has taught the pleasing art
 By powerful numbers to affect the heart,
 Yet let me not in discontented strain
 Bewail my fate, and peevishly complain.
 When genuine Bards soar high on Fancy's wing
 I catch each sound, transported as they sing,

Find their sweet harmony my bosom thrill,
And feel in every nerve their matchless skill.

Thus form'd; whene'er you list, my much-loved friend,
Your tuneful voice, enraptured I attend.
Whether you paint the enchanting *Muses' Land*,
Where bright creations rise at your command;
Whether with *Tragic* notes you shake the soul,
And every passion at your will controul;
Whether by softer tones the heart you move
When you to *Thespia* breathe the tale of love;
Or pour instruction on the docile mind
Of the fond *Mother* blest with taste refined,
Who in melodious airs, serenely mild,
Is taught to invest with health her darling *Child*;
To all I listen with attentive ear,
New stores collect, and gain delight sincere.
And equal pleasure must thy song impart
To every lover of the tuneful art.

To make men wiser ; to point out the road
Which leads from error's maze, to truth's abode ;
Affliction's pangs, and misery's sting to ease,
Nicely to observe, and cure the dire disease ;
To cause each social good around us flow
In various streams, is the prime bliss below.
That bliss, my Friend, dwells ever in thy mind,
Thy writings please, and benefit mankind :
By Pæan's art, and penetrating skill
Thou curest (if art can cure) the body's ill :
To mental anguish thou can'st give relief,
And heal by sympathy the wounds of grief.

Oh ! may all-gracious Heaven thy future days
Illume, my *Downman*, with it's brightest rays ;
With life protracted may each joy keep pace,
A life like thine's a blessing to our race.
But when, (be that a far, far distant hour)
Thou shalt submit to death's relentless power,
Of thee no common portion shall survive,
For works of real genius ever live.

Thy

Thy friendship, which for many a circling year
 With liberal kindness thou hast bid me share,
 (Me, in the humble paths of life who move,
 And who thy soul in nothing can improve)
 I truly value—from it I receive
 All the best wealth, the best of hearts can give.

Oh! while the vital current swells my veins,
 Till death shall urge me to his cold domains,
 To me indulgent Heaven, this boon extend,
 Happy, and proud, that *Downman* calls me Friend.

JOHN CODRINGTON.

Sept. 7th, 1788.

TO THE SAME,

On his POEMS addressed to THESPIA.

“**Y**EAR after year steals something every day,
So sung the sweetest of the tuneful train.

Year after year to prove the assertion vain,
We mark with growing joy each added lay.
For still responsive to thy breast, the lyre
Refounds, and every note symphonious flows :
And may thy *Thespia* long that strain inspire,
Where tenderest Friendship melts, and passion glows !
Yet Friendship ! tho 'tis thine to hold enchain'd
The noblest spirits in thy golden eye,
Thy joys, nor those of Passion unrestrain'd,
With wedded Love the soul's soft union vie.
And may the truth we feel still prompt thy lay,
While years on years revolving roll away !

RICHARD HOLE.

March 1, 1791.

HUGONI

HUGONI DOWNMAN, M.D.

PHŒBEUS vice duplici Sacerdos,
 Qui Pindi juga callidè pererras,
 Herbarumque potens, lyræque solers !
 Tui te meritâ diû salutant
 Famâ Damnonii, tuosque latè
 Plausus ingeminant : tuo canentis
 Gaudent auspicio, tuo Medendi,
 Læti Vate simul te, & Archiatro.

Nec quacunque Britannici patefcant
 Fines nominis, imperîve, laudes
 Ignorant Populi, filentq notas
Downmanni immemores. Tuâ nam Amorum
 Accenfi fide caſtiùs relucet
 Blando carmine vividi calores ?
 Miramur Venerefque Gratiasque

Et

Et quicquid tenerarum adhuc Dearum est,
Colluisse tibi, et meros Camænæ
Offudisse elegantiarum ubique
Rorantes fale Teïo lepores.

An versis juvat insonare chordis,
Atque his magnificam referre Clio
Spenseri Senis? Ut fidelis aptum
Pangit Musa melos! Lyrâ ut loquaci
Interpres revocat faceta priscum
Os, moresque, hominesque fabulosos!
Et quam veste superbit obsoletâ!

An præcepta severiore plectro
Effingis modulanda? An arte Coâ
Insuetam libet imbuisse Musam?
Te *Downmanne*, perenni honorum adauctu
Humani generis colit propago,
Sospes te Duce! Mater insolentes
Ducit læta puerperî triumphos;

Dum

Dum Lucina hilari serena vultu
 Arridet Nova. Jam foveat secundam
 Sublato genitor timore fœlix
 Spem prolis. Puer et tenellus Infans
 Balbâ voce Patrem alterum superstes
 Te ritu vocat. Hinc rubet decore
 Formæ perpetuo Salus, novisque
 Floret viribus. O! futura semper
 Usque in sæcla Opifer! tibi Ipsa sancto
 Avulsam gremio Memor coronam
 Fert Natura, tibi que gratulatur
 Jam salvos rediviva, & aucta partus.

J. HAYTER.

Chagford, June 1, 1791.

To THE SAME.

HAIL to my generous Guide, and honour'd Friend,
 May every blessing on his steps attend !
 How feebly the warm wish these lines impart ;
 Yet, oh ! accept them from a grateful heart !

Here, *Downman*, as in still suspense I lye,
 And from my pillow lift the languid eye,
 'Tis in thy friendship only to infuse
 Some little spirit o'er my faltering Muse !

Long have I own'd with pride, amidst the shade
 Of sacred poesy thy critic aid.
 And whilest thy lessons to perfection fired,
 The beauteous model in thy verse admired,
 Where melody unites with diction chaste,
 And all that fancy charms, or polish'd taste.

Eut

But these deserts bound not thy glowing lays;
 And praise like this, were "mockery of praise."
 The manly virtues in thy numbers shine,
 And sentiment that nerves each vigorous line.
 And Learning, not in pompous garb display'd,
 But in simplicity's pure drefs array'd.
 And strong, unbiaſt reaſon, and the light
 Of philanthropic feeling, beaming bright.
 Nor leſs the endearing Charities approve
 Which ornament the ſhrine of nuptial Love.

Yet, tho thy writings to the world beam forth
 A ſpotleſs mirror of thy active worth,
 Yet, is thy life (juſt Heaven's peculiar care)
 But with a feeble ray reflected there.
 Strenuous to chaſe from man each brooding ill,
 Thy ſocial kindneſs, or thy healing ſkill
 Through all the tenor of that life appears,
 And brightens up a gloomy vale of tears.

Whether

Whether from opulence retired, thy feet
Trace out the chill and comfortless retreat,
Or with benignant aim thou love to close
The mental wounds that speak no common woes.

Where starting from a short and troubled sleep,
The weary languish, or the wretched weep,
Tis thine refreshing slumbers to restore,
Bid Strength revive, or Sorrow weep no more.

And while the sounds of gratulation blest
Thy healing art, thy merited success,
While from the bed of sickness round thee rise
The rich, the poor, to meet thy glistening eyes
Fresh-blooming, with the nerve of health new-strung,
And *Downman* echoes from each grateful tongue;
Me too thy cordial balms already cheer,
Thy friendly voice, thy sympathy sincere.

Yes, where the last dim star of eve survey'd
 This fainting frame in pale disorder laid,
 When nearly ceased the vital stream to flow,
 And every pulse beat tremulously low,
 And as my breath seem'd ready to depart
 Exhausted nature flutter'd at my heart,
 Thy medicine's renovating power could save
 My sunken spirit from the yawning grave.

And if propitious Heaven in mercy give
 His Servant, yet a few short years to live,
 To please that God who bless'd thy art in Me,
 Oh *Downman* ! may I live, to copy Thee!

R. POLWHELE.

Kenton, Aug. 18, 1791.

F I N I S.



